

## THE PORTSMOUTH HERALD

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## For Portsmouth and Portsmouth's Interests.

You want local news! Read The Herald. More local news than all other local dailies combined. Try it.

THURSDAY, JUNE 7, 1906.

## MR. ROOSEVELT AND THE PACKING HOUSE REPORT

Efforts to induce President Roosevelt to suppress the report of the Chicago packing house investigation were unavailing. Those who have followed the President's career never believed that he could be persuaded to do anything of the kind, but the publication of the report was nevertheless gratifying.

Not that the report itself was cause for gratification. Far from it, indeed, but it is pleasant to know that a man occupies the presidential chair who is not afraid to affront the great commercial interests. When publicity is demanded, he does not hide behind the alleged necessity for secrecy, which has so often been used as an excuse for keeping the people in ignorance of what they ought to know.

Beyond question, it was of the utmost importance that the public should be informed of conditions in Packingtown. The people who eat the meat which comes from Chicago certainly have the right to know how it is prepared for the market. If unsanitary conditions prevail in the packing houses, people generally will not care to have the meat served on their tables.

There are hints in the report made public this week of even worse things than those to which direct testimony is given. Affidavits were refused consideration, the investigators reporting only what they actually saw. Unquestionably, Mr. Roosevelt's strong message accompanying the report was justified.

Some papers fear that the publicity will result in great injury to our foreign meat trade. Very likely it will, but this cannot be helped. Conditions being what they are, neither Mr. Roosevelt nor the people can stop to consider that phase of the case. It is unfortunate that innocent packers may have to suffer with the guilty and that other cities will be injured as well as Chicago, but there is no way to prevent these things. All that can be done is insist upon an immediate and complete reformation in methods.

The packers have not replied to the charges made against them. They have attempted to do so, but they have explained nothing and practically denied nothing. Their reply was, in a sense, clever, but woefully weak.

That such conditions exist is regrettable, but now that their existence has been proven there is nothing to do except face the situation and do all that we can to bring about reforms.

## BIRDS' EYE VIEWS

The optimist sees green fields bloom All through the Winter time;

The poet does much better for He puts them into rhyme.

The pure food people are having their innings at the same time that the packers are having their troubles.

The odor of the stockyards is nothing, it seems, to the odor of the room where the slaughtered beef is kept.

Philadelphia has over 295,000 dwellings with not more than five people to a house. That seems to be a pretty enviable record.

A woman in Worcester was sent to her.

a reformatory for having two husbands. Whether or not it was the result of an appeal for protection we cannot say.

While Secretary Taft is buying Panama Canal supplies abroad, we don't see where there's any chance for him to criticize those people who don't do their trading at home.

Queen Victoria's salary as queen of Spain will be \$5,000, but you won't have to tell her. She probably figured that all out before she married his royal nothingness, Alfonso.

Just to think there is already a revolutionary party in Panama. Wonder if they are incensed by the slowness with which work is progressing on the big ditch? Or is it the extreme rapidity they dislike?

Forty-five women teachers in Kansas City are to resign to get married if a dispatch is to believed, but somehow these dispatches with the Kansas City date line aren't quite so convincing as they might be.

If anyone tells you the marriage of the King and Queen of Spain was a bomb affair, you don't want to think the pun far fetched until you have looked up the pronunciation in the dictionary.

The anti-blue law agitation is on again. Time has already done much to relieve the situation in this respect. Not so many years ago all temporal affairs were suspended with the coming of Saturday, and delightful Catharine Maria Sedgwick recalled a vulgar saying in Connecticut that no beer was brewed the latter part of the week lest it presume to work on Sunday.

## OUR EXCHANGES

## The Wood Duck's Nest

Where, emerald gloomed, the regal lotuses lift Their starry torches o'er the still lagoon Heavy with incense of the Summer's noon. Lighting the sedge whose gold-green shadows shift With every wind, and ripple thro' the drift Of purple-tinted brushwood, where the 'coon Slips sidling by, and midday's spectre moon. Wan as a mist, hangs in a leafy rift— Hidden by vines that clamber o'er her nest Within the root-mesh of a cypress tall, The wood ducks sit, her fluffy fledglings pressed By lightest down—her handsome mate in call! In splendid robes of iridescence dressed— And, save wood's music, silence over all. —Ingram Crockett in the June Field and Stream.

## Well, isn't it

This sudden rise to publicity on the part of Portsmouth, Va., must seem like a gross and unwarrantable presumption to Portsmouth, N. H.—Chicago News.

## Things Are Frequently Not What They Seem

"Potted chicken" now appears to have been nothing but spotted pig skin.—Concord Monitor.

## Way Of The Transgressor Getting Harder

It costs a great deal to win back a lost reputation. Perhaps the Chicago packers will wish they had so conducted matters as not to lose theirs.—New York Mail.

## Was The Crust Tough?

A feature of an athletic carnival on the Pennsylvania nautical schoolship Saratoga, was a pie eating contest. This is the first instance where it has seemed necessary to introduce contests to exercise the jaws.—Lewiston Journal.

## And With No Life Preservers

Next to canoeing fatalities, in point of persistent frequency, come deaths from suicide in Wall street. In either case the trouble comes from getting into deep water without knowing how to swim.—Boston Herald.

## Made A Discovery, Brother?

What great managers the coal barons are! They announce with a great flourish that the price of coal will go down fifty cents a ton April 1 or May 1 and then they will not sell any at the reduced price. A reduction in the price of an article does not do much good if you can't buy it at that price.—Newburyport News.

A touring car which had not before been seen in this part of New England ran down from Portsmouth, N. H., in two hours Wednesday morning. The car is a forty-horse power machine.—Portland Advertiser.

Philadelphia has over 295,000 dwellings with not more than five people to a house. That seems to be a pretty enviable record.

A woman in Worcester was sent to her.

## THE MAGAZINES

## McClure's

There is as much important and entertaining reading in McClure's for June as one would expect to find in a volume let alone a single number of a magazine. The leading story is "Buried Treasure" by Stewart Edward White, which combines romance and reality most suggestively and which goes with a swing reminiscent of Stevenson. Ray Stannard Baker contributes the sixth of his series "The Railroads on Trial." Burton J. Hendrick continues the story of life insurance, "Yellow Fever: A Problem Solved," by Samuel Hopkins Adams, is a most engrossing story of last summer's Battle of New Orleans. Carl Schurz continues his "Reminiscences of a Long Life," with an account of Paris on the eve of the Second Empire. The second installment of the Kipling series is even more engrossing than the first. "On the Great Wall" is the story of how a British-born Roman took a hopeless task from his emperor and sacrificed his youth to its performance.

There is other excellent fiction in this remarkable number. The June number is remarkably illustrated by such artists as Andre Castaigne, Frederic Dorr Steele, P. V. E. Ivory, E. Dalton Stevens and George A. Shipley.

## The Technical World

Are there living beings on the planet Mars?

That is the one great problem of astronomy in which mankind is most keenly interested and which scientists are now trying to solve.

Within the next twelve months Mars will be nearer the earth than it has been for fifteen years; and everywhere telescopes are being trained in the hope of discovering this great secret.

The two greatest authorities on the subject in America—perhaps in the world—are Prof. William H. Pickering of the astronomical observatory of Harvard University, and Prof. Percival Lowell, whose private observatory at Flagstaff, Arizona, is largely given up to the study of Mars.

Prof. Lowell leads the important group of astronomers who hold that it is extremely probable—if not absolutely proved—that Mars is inhabited by highly civilized beings.

There is another group of astronomers holding an exactly opposite view.

Between these two groups stands Professor Pickering, perhaps inclining a little towards the probability that Mars is inhabited, but still open to conviction. In Technical World Magazine for July, Professor Pickering presents in a complete and authoritative way the arguments on both sides of the question, summing up practically everything that two hundred years of scientific observation of the planet Mars have revealed to mankind. The article is illustrated with some wonderful telephotographs of Mars and its canals and oceans.

## NAVAL WEDDINGS

## Forbes—Johnson

The marriage of Miss Henrietta Woodward Forbes and Lieut. Thomas Lee Johnson, U. S. N., occurred on Wednesday at 3 o'clock at the Connecticut, Washington. The bride was given away by her father, Gen. Forbes and attended by her sister, Mrs. Harrison A. Bispham. The best man was Lieut. Johnson's brother, Mr. Paul Brent Johnson of Leavenworth, Kan. The ceremony was followed by a small reception, and the Marine Band furnished the music. Lieut. Johnson is stationed on the Missouri.

## Duffy—Reeves

Monday evening at St. Paul's Church, Washington, the marriage of Miss Joan Reeves, daughter of Commander I. S. K. Reeves and Dr. Frank Jay Duffy of Bay Ridge, N. J., took place. Miss Cornelia McBlair of Norfolk was the maid of honor and Miss Lillian Duffy, Miss Florence Duffy, sisters of Dr. Duffy; Miss Florence Morrow of New York, Miss Pansy Wilson, Miss Julia Potter of Baltimore, Miss Hanna Taylor, Miss Frances Bishop and Miss Eleanor Calderon were the bridesmaids. Thomas Duffy was the best man and the ushers were Lieut. George Diman, U. S. N., Lieut. Alexander Mikell, U. S. M. C., Surgeon I. S. K. Reeves, U. S. N.

A reception followed at the home of Commander and Mrs. Reeves.

## Porter—Van Ness

A wedding of more than usual interest because of the social prominence of both parties took place on June 2 at 4 o'clock at St. Anne's Protestant Episcopal Church, at Annapolis, the rector, the Rev. Joseph P. McComas, being the officiating clergyman. The bride was Miss Rosalie Porter, youngest daughter of Captain Theodorick Porter, United

States navy, and granddaughter of Admiral Porter of historic naval fame. The groom was Mr. Carroll Van Ness of Baltimore.

The church was elaborately decorated with white peonies and potted palms, and the wedding ceremony was witnessed by a large and fashionable congregation, which taxed the capacity of the old historic church.

Over 2,000 invitations had been issued to friends and relatives in all parts of the country, and those present represented nearly every state in the Union, and included many navy people attached to the Naval Academy.

The bride entered with her father who gave her away. She was met at the altar by the groom and his best man, Dr. Eugene McEvers Van Ness of Baltimore, a brother of the groom.

One of the ushers was Lieutenant Charles E. Courtney, U. S. N.

## MARRIED WIDOW OF FORMER PORTSMOUTH MAYOR

Colonel Joseph B. Parsons, the well known state pension agent of Massachusetts, died Monday evening at 7:31 o'clock at the Colonial Inn, Winthrop.

He had been ill from pneumonia for about a week and was seventy-eight years old.

Colonel Parsons was married Oct. 26 of last year to Mrs. Laura Hodgdon of 23 Avalon road, West Roxbury, a close friend of his former wife.

Mrs. Hodgdon was a trained nurse, and her former husband was the Hon. George E. Hodgdon of Portsmouth, a former mayor and conspicuous lawyer here.

During the long illness of the first wife of Colonel Parsons, Mrs. Hodgdon nursed her, and it was her wish that her husband should marry Mrs. Hodgdon.

Colonel Parsons served in all the important engagements of the Army of the Potomac.

He was commissioned as captain of Company C, Tenth Massachusetts Regiment June 21, 1861; as lieutenant colonel, June 15, 1862 and as colonel in July, 1864.

He led the Tenth with distinction in some of the most sanguinary battles of the war, and brought it back to Massachusetts.

Besides being twice wounded, he had many arrow escapes. In 1875 he commanded the Second Massachusetts Regiment, militia.

## CANADIAN GEMS" FOR TOURISTS

"Canadian Gems" is the title of a handsome booklet, profusely illustrated, just issued by the Plant Line, describing the many summer attractions of the Maritime Provinces. All the places of historic interest in these British possessions, the natural beauties, the invigorating climate, the fishing and shooting, as well as the hospitality extended by the people in Nova Scotia, Cape Breton, Prince Edward Island and Newfoundland, are concisely set forth, while the numerous views reproduced from photographs supplement the text and pictorially present the enticing features of this ideal vacation land.

This booklet also describes the superior advantages of the ocean trips on the staunch and commodious steamships of the popular Plant Line—the only direct route between Boston and Halifax, Nova Scotia, Hawkesbury, Charlottetown, Sydney and Baddeck on the celebrated Bras d'Or lakes. "Canadian Gems" with colored maps, etc., will be sent to any address on receipt of two cent stamp by A. W. Perry, general manager Plant Line, Commercial wharf, Boston, or may be obtained at the city ticket office, 298 Washington street.

## GIRLS OF NEARBY TOWNS ARE HONORED

At the commencement exercises of Boston University held on Wednesday the degree of A. B. was conferred on Gertrude R. Berry of Greenfield, Prince Edward Island and Newfoundland, are concisely set forth, while the numerous views reproduced from photographs supplement the text and pictorially present the enticing features of this ideal vacation land.

This is about like the weather Leavitt's almanac predicted for June but that publication was away off on its May predictions.

## ALUMNI TEAM

Which Will Meet the High School Nine on Saturday

The P. H. S. alumni team, which will play the school team on Saturday, will be chosen from the following players:

Robert Harding, Wallace Garrett, Roland Hoyt, Augustus Dondero, Charles Dondero, Wayne Poole, John Page, William Page, Horace Rowe, Frank Newick, W. L. Brown, Jr., and George Smart.

## PASSES THE SENATE

And Naval Appropriation Bill Now Goss to the House

The naval appropriation bill, bearing the increased appropriations for Portsmouth navy yard, has passed the national Senate.

Congressmen Sullaway and Currier will fight hard to induce the House to concur in the increased appropriations.

Those who are fearful of Nature's electrical demonstrations are afraid that there will be many this year.

## WONDERLAND TRIUMPHS

## One Hundred Thousand People Saw the Show on Memorial Day

As all roads seemed to lead to Wonderland, the new million-dollar pleasure park at Revere Beach, on Memorial day, so, doubtless, they will continue to lead all through the season. The 100,000 people who visited the resort on the holiday have by this time probably told several times 100,000 others of its splendid attractions, and, with propitious weather every day henceforth should witness a repetition of the rush to this, the biggest of American summer amusement enterprises.

Of Wonderland's tremendous and instantaneous success there can be no doubt. Doubting Thomases were plenty enough during the long work of construction of this gorgeous amusement city, but now they are not to be found. Not only has Wonderland brought about a quick and very important change in the town of Revere, enhancing land values and making great financial returns in the form of taxes, but it has proved beyond peradventure that Greater Boston needs such a "safety valve" during warm weather.

Every one of the big shows at Wonderland is now working smoothly, including the Baby Incubators, the Descent to Hell Gate, the Whirl, the Whirl, and Love's Journey.

Bewilderment is the first sensation of the visitor to Wonderland, for he is confronted with an embarrassment of riches in the mammoth Shoot the Chutes, the delightful Thompson Scenic Railway, the realistic Fighting the Flames, Ferrier's trained wild animal show, the educated horse, Princess Trixie, the Japanese village, Hale's tours, the Fatal Wedding, the Beautiful Orient, the Indian Village and Wild West Show.

Wonderland is reached from Boston by steam or rail for a five cent fare.

## SOCIETY AWARDS CARDS

Society awaits with interest the wedding cards of Miss Eleanor Little and Talbot Aldrich, which will probably make their appearance within a few days, since the ceremony will be performed either in the last days of June or early in July. At last accounts the details had not been arranged, the bride's youth and prominence among the debutantes of the past season rendering a church wedding desirable, while Mr. Aldrich has a decided preference for a quiet wed-

## WANT ADS.

## SUCH AS FOR SALE,

## WANTED, TO LET, LOST

## FOUND, ETC. . . .

## One Cent a Word.

For Each Insertion.

## 3 LINES ONE WEEK

## 40 CENTS.

## WANTED—Competent dry goods

salesman. Must be under 30 years of age. Good position for man of ambition and energy. Owen, Moore &amp; Co., Portland, Me. cb15-3t

## WANTED—A bright young man who

can devote one or two days (or afternoons) a week to working grocery and other trade in Portsmouth and vicinity is desired to communicate with A. P. Preston, Bow Street.

ch14-1w

## WANTED—Men and boys to learn

plumbing,

Don't Do Another Washing  
Without

## THE "EASY" WASHER



Even the Children like to run it.  
It tubs and plunges the clothes.

For Sale by

W. E. PAUL,  
45 Market St.

Granite State Fire  
Insurance Co.

Of Portsmouth, N. H.

Paid-Up Capital,  
\$200,000

### OFFICERS

CALVIN PAGE, President.  
J. ALBERT WALKER,  
Vice President.  
ALFRED F. HOWARD,  
Secretary.  
JOHN W. EMERY, Asst.  
Secretary.

Horse Shoeing  
CARRIAGE WORK AND  
BLACKSMITHING.

Your horse is not going right  
come and see us. We charge nothing  
for examination and consultation.

If you want your carriages or carts  
repaired, or new ones made, we will  
give you the benefit of our 45 years  
experience in this business without  
expense.

Sign Hanging and General Job Work

Attended To.

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

IRA C. SEYMOUR.  
21-2 Linden St.

If you are looking for low  
prices

Buy Your

Meats  
Vegetables  
Groceries  
AND  
Flour

— AT —

WOODWARD'S  
65 Pleasant Street

YANKEE NOTIONS  
— AND —

Second Hand Goods of Every Description. Furniture bought and sold

W. T. LUCAS  
14 Penhallow Street

UNEEDA BISCUITS

CANDY ICE TONICS  
SMOKING GOODS

COOK'S, At The Plains

## YEARLY EXHIBIT

Of Portsmouth Kinder-  
gartens Yesterday  
GIVEN AT THE CABOT STREET  
SCHOOL BUILDING

Able Instructors in Charge of The  
Children's Work

ABOUT 175 PUPILS INCLUDED AMONG THOSE  
MAKING EXHIBITS

The annual exhibition of the Ports-  
mouth kindergartens work was given  
at the Cabot street school building on  
Wednesday from three to six in the  
afternoon and from seven to ten in  
the evening.

There was a liberal and diversified  
display executed in a highly creditable  
manner, and reflecting quite as much  
on the adaptability of the little  
folks as on the tact of the teacher,  
and showing a wonderful improvement  
during the past three years.

The able instructors were Miss  
Bertha A. Colburn, director of the  
kindergarten, assisted by Miss Lucia  
Young, both having classes in the  
Cabot street building; Miss M. Anna  
Raud and Miss Lucia Brown of the  
Spalding branch; Miss Mary E.  
Pennell, Miss Frances M. Tredick  
(Miss Grace Seymour substituting for  
her during her leave of absence) of the  
Farragut branch; Miss Mabel N.  
Luce and Miss Bertha L. Manock of the  
Manning branch.

There are now about 175 pupils in  
the kindergarten, nearly all of whom  
make exhibits.

Included in the display was work  
in clay on whatever the subject was  
before the little one; a table showing  
home work wherein the children fol-  
lowed out the ideas of what they had  
been taught at school; doll houses for  
which the furniture was cut out, peas  
work wherein the tots worked out  
forms and original designs; building  
work in which is learned the use  
of the hands, number and form; color  
work being copies made by the  
instructors and their properly colored

Warren Perkins of Hampton, went  
to Newburyport a few days ago,  
where he met some men, and together  
they became quite jovial, indulging  
in the cup that inebriates as well as  
cheers.

Perkins had about \$60 in his pockets  
when he went to a room where  
he was invited by one William Warr.  
They both had a sleep and Perkins  
slept the longer. When he awoke  
Warr was gone and so was his money.

Perkins reported his loss to Officer  
Hayes, who in less than an hour ar-  
rested Warr at Hill's stable, and took  
him to the police station. Warr was  
searched and about \$20 was found  
on his person. Officer Murphy then  
searched Perkins and a \$10 note was  
found in one of his pockets.

Warr said he must have taken the  
money, although he did not remember  
it. The police are now trying to find  
out where the remainder of the mon-  
ey went to.

by the pupil; mounted flowers; weavings  
from original designs and which  
was particularly fine, free hand work;  
cutting, drawing, folding and pasting  
and numerous other displays of beau-  
tiful pattern.

Growing in boxes were beans, corn,  
lettuce, potatoes and flowers, this also  
being the delightful work of the  
children.

All this was the work of tots not  
over five years old the little workers  
giving the most interested attention  
to their parts.

The rooms were decorated with  
bouquets of flowers and flowering  
plants.

During the afternoon Miss Seymour  
and Miss Manock gave piano selec-  
tions.

In the evening Miss Manock pres-  
ided at the piano, Miss Young sang,  
and Miss Seymour gave piano selec-  
tions, assisted by Arthur M. Doolittle.

The inclemency of the weather pre-  
vented many from attending the  
splendid exhibition, and its continuation  
should be at least for a day longer.

## ROBBED IN NEWBURYPORT

A Hampton Man Lost The Sum Of  
Sixty Dollars

Warren Perkins of Hampton, went  
to Newburyport a few days ago,  
where he met some men, and together  
they became quite jovial, indulging  
in the cup that inebriates as well as  
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out where the remainder of the mon-  
ey went to.

## BASEBALL SATURDAY

P. H. S. Nine To Close Season With  
An Alumni Game

Contrary to all expectations, the  
P. H. S. baseball team will have one  
more game. This game is to be with a  
strong team representing the alumni,  
and will be played at The Plains  
on Saturday afternoon.

Quinn will pitch, and a good fast  
contest may be assured.

## HOOD WAS THERE

And Will Face One of the Fast Men  
Later

A party of local sports made an  
automobile trip to South Berwick on  
Tuesday evening, where they wit-  
nessed the bouts before the South  
Berwick Athletic Club. The Ports-  
mouth people were pleased at the  
main bout, but consider the remainder  
of the program something in the  
fake line.

At the same time those who were  
there do not blame the management  
in any way, as good money was spent  
for the bouts and good men were ex-  
pected to appear.

With the Portsmouth party was the  
colored artist, Jesse Hood, New  
Hampshire's 115 pound champion,  
who does not know defeat.

Jesse says there was not much  
steam to the outfit at South Berwick  
and that he can make the whole  
bunch travel faster. Anyhow, he  
forced one of the managers to sign  
articles for a meeting between Jesse  
and one of the fast ones later on.

Jesse lost no time and can be seen  
today with his trainer doing road  
work, which will continue night and  
day for a month.

Look out for Hood when he lets  
loose.

## SIGN OF SPRING

Now is the time to have your lawn  
mower overhauled and put in first  
class condition. Every mower is  
ground by a practical mechanic on  
an especially made machine, which  
leaves no guess work nor standing  
grass. All work will receive the  
same careful attention it did last  
year.

FRANK S. SEYMOUR,

## AS A HERALD MAN SEES IT

If Barnum and Bailey's show  
should strike this city just after we  
have had one of the showers that  
have been so frequent of late, the  
chances are that it will be necessary  
to give part of the show in the field  
that has been selected on floats. No  
grass will ever burn for want of the  
required moisture on that play-  
ground.

Jesse Hood made a hit at South  
Berwick Tuesday night when he ap-  
peared at the boxing bouts of the  
athletic club of that town loaded for  
any man in the outfit. Hood says  
that the bunch of scrappers that ap-  
peared that night are a lot of fire-  
fighters, what might be called long  
distance pugilists, and could not  
make a living breaking glass.

Portsmouth certainly furnishes  
her share of runaway kids, who start  
out either with the idea that they  
would like to be full fledged tramps  
or from the effect of reading Dia-  
mond Dick or the issues telling of  
Nick Carter's fame. Their escap-  
ades always end in expense to some  
police department or trouble for  
their fathers and mothers.

The gunboat Eagle is expected  
soon at this navy yard for repairs.  
The little craft is no stranger to this  
naval port, and with her lively crew  
always adds much life and activity  
to Portsmouth navy yard, where she  
has passed most of her Summers  
since she went into the service.

There is a young man at The Creek  
who of late has been doing consider-  
able detective work, but up to now  
his work has not been successful.  
At his home he had nailed up a sign,  
"Keep off the grass, no trespassing",  
and during the night the sign was  
broken.

## OBITUARY

Miss Rosana Pease

The death occurred early this  
(Thursday) morning of Miss Rosana  
M. Pease at the old homestead at  
Newfields of a complication of dis-  
eases at the age of seventy-three  
years.

She was a lady of most estimable  
qualities and is survived by two sis-  
ters, Mrs. Adelaide P. Conner of  
this city and Miss Ruth Pease of  
Newfields, with whom she resided,  
and two brothers, George W. and  
Lucius of that town. She was an  
aunt of Rev. Ralph E. Conner, pas-  
tor of the Universalist Church at  
North Attleboro, Mass.

Miss Pease, who had a large circle  
of devotedly attached friends passed  
Christmas-tide in this city with her  
sister, Mrs. Conner, and soon after  
her return home was prostrated by  
pneumonia and gradually sank.

She was one who will be greatly  
missed.

## AT THE NAVY YARD

George O. Wilson, Alvah Frost,  
Austin Trefethen and Fred Rider  
left for Friendship, Me., on Wednes-  
day from which place they will  
bring back a thirty-horse power boat  
for pleasure purposes, though they  
may occasionally get into a little  
race. The feature of the new craft  
is the busy Izzy engine, which will  
furnish the motive power.

The Defender, a monthly paper in  
magazine form, has been issued on  
board the U. S. S. Kearsarge.

The Defender is a neat and clean publication,  
devoted to matters on that ship  
and also contains communications  
from Chaplain C. H. Dickins on vari-  
ous matters, all for the good of his  
men and his ship. The editor is W.  
D. McMullen, who certainly deserves  
much credit for his work and the  
good his little monthly publication will  
do on the best of Uncle Sam's battle-  
ships, the Kearsarge.

The new drainage system recently  
arranged at the yard has proved  
through the recent heavy rains to be  
just what was needed.

The four boilers of the U. S. S.  
Topeka will be removed as soon as  
the ship goes into the dry dock.

## Ceylon's Pearl Fisheries.

During the season of 1905, which lasted  
48 days, there were 300 boats employed  
in the pearl fishing industry of Ceylon,  
from which the government derived  
\$767,000.

## One Thing and Another.

"I saw the doctor go into your house  
this morning. Quiverfull. Anything  
happened?"

"Two things have happened, blame  
the luck."—Cleveland Leader.

England's Longest Pier.

Minster-on-Sea, Isle of Sheppey, is  
to have the distinction of possessing the  
longest pier in England. It will be 7,000  
feet in length.

FRANK S. SEYMOUR,

As the tea kettle was the  
beginning of the steam engine,  
so the ordinary soda cracker  
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child the sustenance upon  
which to grow robust—that  
gives to the invalid the nour-  
ishment on which to regain  
the vigor of good health.

5¢ In a dust tight,  
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The Politician's  
Namesake

By ARTHUR HENDRICK VANDENBERG

(Copyright, 1906, by Joseph E. Bowles)

There comes a time in the career of every autocrat when his power and his supremacy crumbles in defeat. The career of Dan Crimmins, Boss, was no exception.

The politicians said that Dan carried the Fifth ward in his vest pocket. The politicians said that Dan asked an exorbitant price for the Fifth ward, but they were always on the anxious seat until "arrangements were completed" for Dan's influence. Many a one knowing ones had tried to win in the Fifth without the Boss. Their measures proved to engender a strange and fatal unpopularity among the people.

The politicians were sure to carry the city if Dan was with them, because Dan swing the Fifth ward, and the Fifth decided the result. They were equally sure to lose if Dan was against them.

The politicians said Dan was dishonest. "I'm straight as a string," answered the Boss. "When I'm bought, I stay bought. Honesty is the best policy—sometimes. It's more satisfactory to beat a man at his own game, and in politics that don't mean honesty. I never dickered with the tally sheets yet, and never intend to—not while I live to look my in the face."

Dan met his Waterloo in the Clay-Sullivan mayoralty contest. Sullivan was notoriously crooked. Clay was as notoriously straight. Sullivan had served one term as mayor, and had narrowly escaped indictment by the grand jury on charges of bribery and conspiracy growing out of a water scandal. Now he was out for another term, "for vindication" as he called it. Clay was a fusion candidate, and carried several wards solidly at his back.

Dan acted with unusual care in taking sides in the contest, because his son had returned and was associated with him. The politician's namesake was his only son, and the boy was the pride of his father's heart. Dan would have bartered every cent of his somewhat shady gains before he would have allowed the boy to savor the inside story of his political career. Inscrutable destiny made him give up his supremacy in the Fifth ward to maintain the respect of his namesake.

Some one asked him whether the boy inherited his father's political genius.

"Dan's never going to put his finger in th' game, gentlemen," replied the Boss, earnestly. "He's too honest. I can't even control his vote myself. No, sires, the boy's going to grow up in another ward besides the Fifth."

Sullivan called on Crimmins the day after he landed the nomination. He came on business, and little time was wasted over preliminaries. Dan knew Sullivan would be sorely pressed without the Fifth, so the price was up.

"My dear alderman," said the nominee, with a great affection of dignity, "now doubtless you know that I have been renominated for mayor on the strength of my recent very able administration and that I am going to the people to ask for another term. I—ah—shall—ah—ahem, want my good Fifth ward friends to be with me again, Mr. Crimmins, and as—ah—a token of my—ah—esteem—yes, let us call it esteem—I am of course, ready and anxious to do anything that is right." He took a long black wallet from his pocket and gently tapped the palm of his hand.

"Well?" returned Dan, gazing at the patterns in the wall paper with a bored and uninterested expression.

"No—ah—what should you say—ah—ah—ah—well—ah—I want you to distinctly understand, Mr. Crimmins, that I do not countenance vote buying."

Dan nodded his head, as a broad, casual smile played about his large, well-natured mouth.

"Well—ah—would—ah—ahem, \$3,000 secure the ward. Mr. Crimmins?" Sullivan nervously opened and shut the wallet, playing with the visible ends of the bank notes. Crimmins blew a great ring of smoke into the air.

"My dear Mayor Sullivan," he said, leaning over on his desk and talking directly into the face of his aspiring voter. "You can't be elected in this city without a good, clean majority in every precinct in the Fifth ward, isn't that a fact?" Sullivan rushed into the place. "I need just three votes," he cried, in frenzied excitement. "Cinch, ain't it? The people know you bought the upper chamber and railroaded through the water franchise. They know you are, right now, on the pay rolls of three big corporations doing business with the city. And, furthermore, I know it. And, better still, you know it. Now, if I am to swallow all this, I've got to make peace with my conscience, and it can't be done for any \$3,000. I've got too good a conscience. But business is business. Those four precincts in the Fifth ward are worth \$1,500 apiece, and my personal services in the present instance inventory at \$1,500 more. The mayor's salary is worth just \$2,000 a year to you, my dear Mr. Sullivan. The mayor's job is worth \$50,000 more, thanks to your very judicious business management. The price of the Fifth ward is \$6,000, Mr. Sullivan. It's cheap to you at double that figure."

Sullivan was about to demur, and was putting his wallet back in his pocket.

"As a matter of fact," Dan carelessly suggested, "I presume that the

ward is more valuable to Clay than it is to you, anyway, and I guess—"

"On the price present, I should say—is quite satisfactory," Sullivan hastened to interpose. "And as to terms?"

"Cash in advance. It'll cost me just as much if we lose the ward as if we carry it, because I'll do my best anyway. Cash in advance, my dear Mr. Sullivan."

The nominee weighed his wallet in his right hand and went through a mental calculation. Then he returned the roll of bills to his pocket and, reaching for a pen, drew a check with a flourish.

Clay, the opposing candidate, was in the office within 24 hours. He found some difficulty in broaching the subject of his visit, and nervously polished the nap of his silk hat upon the sleeve of his coat as he waited for Dan to receive him.

He went away somewhat dazed. He told his incredulous advisers that Crimmins had been deeply shocked at the suggestion of money, and that he thought he might have secured his support if he had not tacked on the substantial consideration.

The politicians were sure to carry the city if Dan was with them, because Dan swing the Fifth ward, and the Fifth decided the result. They were equally sure to lose if Dan was against them.

The politicians said Dan was dishonest. "I'm straight as a string," answered the Boss. "When I'm bought, I stay bought. Honesty is the best policy—sometimes. It's more satisfactory to beat a man at his own game, and in politics that don't mean honesty. I never dickered with the tally sheets yet, and never intend to—not while I live to look my in the face."

For a week before election day the Fifth ward enjoyed one prolonged holiday. Everybody celebrated, while Clay and Crimmins were footling the bills. Votes were at a premium, and the voters knew it.

Then began the battle royal. Sullivan was completely lost sight of. The question really at stake was simply the problem of whether Crimmins owned the Fifth ward. Clay went in with an open and avowed determination to clean up Dan once and for all. And for the first time in his career Dan was actually nervous.

"Yes," he said, "it's pretty near the boy bring her. I heard the ears more'n half an hour ago. It's awfully funny, though, how skeered you be o' Kit! You'll like her on sight. Everybody does. Shucks! You oughter know how many o' them air fellers down in New York wanted to marry'er. T'want no use. She's all farm. Never'll wear her from that. Can't make nothin' but a farmer's wife out o' her. Y-e-s, in course you'll like her."

As if overcome by a sense of her own ridiculousness she for a moment laughed lightly, in partial unison with his heartier mirth, then said, gravely: "But, you must remember, I am your second wife, and not her mother. That makes a difference."

Just then there came the sound of wheels, the barking of dogs, and a shuffle of swift feet across the kitchen floor. By the time Mrs. White's eyes were clear her husband and a tall and beautiful girl were clasping each other closely, half-laughing and half-crying, alternating little choky shouts of "Daddy!" and "Kit!" and punctuating the brief intervening silences with resounding kisses.

Mrs. White's heart beat tumultuously as she and the girl first faced each other. In the single second of silence which followed a mutual chord of tender sympathy was struck between them: their hands met, and then their lips.

"You are my new mother," said the one.

"Yes, dear," answered the other.

The old man, satisfied, went smilingly out to his work.

His wife and daughter were chatting cordially when he returned indoors, and it seemed to him that the immediate meal was the best he had ever tasted.

That afternoon he and Kitty visited every spot for which she had cared in former years.

From her earliest infancy the farm had been to her as one of the gardens of Paradise, ministering to her every need, and furnishing her endless amusement. Whenever there had been hulls in the outdoor work, her fancy had feasted on the tales of social and adventurous life, with which the book shelves of the neighborhood abounded.

"If I lose this ward I'm a goner, sure," he cried. "What d'you suppose I pay you \$6,000 for? Just to sprinkle 'round 'mong your friends? I ain't seen to have a majority of 100, with three-fourths of the vote counted."

"Well, I guess I've got the job," he shouted at Dan as he left the polls.

Dan was unusually sober. He chewed the ends of his mustache in a deeply meditative mood as the inspectors called off the votes against his man. Sullivan was furious. He paced up and down in front of the temporary wooden railing like a caged animal.

"If I lose this ward I'm a goner, sure," he cried. "What d'you suppose I pay you \$6,000 for? Just to sprinkle 'round 'mong your friends? I ain't seen to have a majority of 100, with three-fourths of the vote counted."

At the inspector's table, where he was assisting in the canvass, young Dan raised his head in surprise at the mention of the price which Sullivan had so openly suggested in connection with his father.

He threw down the stubby pencil with which he was registering the tally, and, thrusting his hands deep in his trousers' pocket, he strode over to Sullivan.

"If you've got any more to say about that \$6,000," he said, slowly, throwing the words squarely into the face of the nominee, "just come outside and say 'em to me. I ain't used to hearin' th' governor mentioned in any such language, an' I don't propose to start any innovations this campaign."

At midnight the count was finished. The Fifth had turned a small majority for Clay. The inspectors drew back from the long tables in evident relief as the tall sheets were signed. Dan took a long preliminary whirl with the pen as he started to sign the report which officially turned the ward against him for the first time, and irretrievably ended his regime as Boss.

The thought occurred to him of the ease with which the result might be changed and the many times it had been accomplished. Then he caught young Dan's eye, and, quickly dipping the pen in the spacious ink well, scrawled off his name at the foot of the register.

Just as the lights were being turned out Sullivan rushed into the place. "I need just three votes," he cried, in frenzied excitement. "Cinch, ain't it? The people know you bought the upper chamber and railroaded through the water franchise. They know you are, right now, on the pay rolls of three big corporations doing business with the city. And, furthermore, I know it. And, better still, you know it. Now, if I am to swallow all this, I've got to make peace with my conscience, and it can't be done for any \$3,000. I've got too good a conscience. But business is business. Those four precincts in the Fifth ward are worth \$1,500 apiece, and my personal services in the present instance inventory at \$1,500 more. The mayor's salary is worth just \$2,000 a year to you, my dear Mr. Sullivan. The mayor's job is worth \$50,000 more, thanks to your very judicious business management. The price of the Fifth ward is \$6,000, Mr. Sullivan. It's cheap to you at double that figure."

Sullivan beat the fingers of his right hand against the knuckles of his left. "The people know you bought the upper chamber and railroaded through the water franchise. They know you are, right now, on the pay rolls of three big corporations doing business with the city. And, furthermore, I know it. And, better still, you know it. Now, if I am to swallow all this, I've got to make peace with my conscience, and it can't be done for any \$3,000. I've got too good a conscience. But business is business. Those four precincts in the Fifth ward are worth \$1,500 apiece, and my personal services in the present instance inventory at \$1,500 more. The mayor's salary is worth just \$2,000 a year to you, my dear Mr. Sullivan. The mayor's job is worth \$50,000 more, thanks to your very judicious business management. The price of the Fifth ward is \$6,000, Mr. Sullivan. It's cheap to you at double that figure."

Sullivan looked dazed as Crimmins started for the door without offering to break the official seal.

Daily reports came to Kittle from her stepmother, which gradually became more and more unfavorable. The girl was disturbed, but not alarmed. She was old, but he also was very strong. In a few days he would re-

cover. She dared not go home unless his condition became serious, fearing to upset the partial equilibrium she had regained.

One day they brought her a telegram which said: "He is failing fast. Come at once."

Completely overwhelmed, she started on the fast northbound train, her sole aim in life now being to tell her father everything and beg his forgiveness while there still was time.

When she reached his bedside he was heedless of all outcries of endearment.

"Oh, make him speak to me—just once!" was her useless entreaty, many times repeated.

In a multitude of ways she had been disappointing him all her life, cheating him out of the comfort in her to which he had been entitled, and now her last act in his lifetime had been to cheat and disappoint him again.

Limp and senseless; she settled down a pitiful little heap—upon the floor.

A week following her return to New York Kittle received the proposal of marriage which she had known was inevitable—he could not hold his peace while she was in such bereavement, because he wanted to shelter her within the sympathy a man gives to the woman he loves.

"I have outlined my right to love and sympathy," she said, when he paused for his answer; then she told him everything. "I am a farmer's daughter," she added, finally, "and I had no right to wish to be anything else. Once my father was the one man in the world to me—his judgment my sole standard of good, his ways my only models for right conduct; and, so proud was I of being a country girl, that no superficiality of town life could win me. It was the same, for a time, after I went abroad. At length I found my standards wavering and began to be troubled. Hurtful and haunting comparisons made me wish to fly back to the beloved farm, where I could set myself straight. But they kept me away so long that the poison crept into me more deeply than I knew. It was not till I was again in the midst of all I had a right to cherish that I saw how base a thing I had grown to be. My old gods were slain and I could no longer bear to stand where they had been. You will understand me now, when I say that there is no longer any place for me in the economy of Nature. I have shut to myself every door of happiness through which other mortals have a right to pass. I can be no man's wife."

Before he could put out a restraining hand she left the room; and when, alarmed, they looked for her, she had also left the house.

The next evening she once more sought entrance at the old New Hampshire doorway; but the gentle stepmother was away in pursuit of needed rest and the house was closed and silent.

Forcing an entrance through an unsecured window, Kittle was glad to be alone. She could better fight her battle by herself.

The next day was a stormy one of wind and snow, but she spent the whole of it going again and again, with all the old love and longings, to every spot connected with her childhood. The old peace was again stealing over her; perhaps it would fully return if she went to her father's grave.

Before she was half way there the day of foalness exposure began to tell upon her strength. The last confused sound which reached her ears was the roar of a steam whistle above the roar of the storm. It was the same train which the night before had brought her from New York.

Half an hour later a horse which came along through the darkness refused to pass a drift in the road. The two men who got out of the sleigh to investigate, found Kittle lying across the drift.

When next she opened her eyes they rested upon many persons whom she knew. The one she knew best of all stooped and kissed her.

"How did you find me?" she asked, feebly.

"It was easy to guess where you had gone, after what you told me when we last met."

Perceiving that they were not needed, everyone then left the room but the anxious stepmother and he who was most concerned.

"It was useless to come," protested Kittle; "I dare not listen to you."

"You are too uncompromisingly scrupulous," he said, "and it has caused you to misunderstand everything. The twin laws of growth and change attack and distract everybody; they are the supreme tragedies in the universe; but since you cannot alter them, you must not let them dismay you. Take life as it is, and remember that it is almost impossible to do anything honest or otherwise, which does not invade some person's rights, or make some hell or another jingle out of tune. For instance, that which you now believe to be your duty would only fill you with new remorse; I mean, you would soon upbraid yourself for denying me my sole chance of happiness in this world. The investigation of ethics of selfishness hadn't taken you quite so far as that, had it, my poor, puzzled darling?"

The pallor on her cheeks increased for an instant; then she smiled—for the first time in many a weary day.

Another confusion—nearly another sin—entirely another point of view!" she faltered. "Is there nothing anywhere but the point of view?"

"Oh, yes," he answered, as she hid her face on his shoulder to obscure the dawning of a new light; "there is something very much better; there is love—the balm for all confusions and for every point of view."

The Balm for All Confusions

By LEW VANDERPOOLE

(Copyright, 1906, by Joseph E. Bowles)

## The Balm for All Confusions

By LEW VANDERPOOLE

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## ELECTRICITY ON RAILWAYS.

ENORMOUS Growth of the System  
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Traction.

It is now 18 years since an electric motor propelled the first street car through the streets of Richmond, Va. At this time passed this motor became the propelling force of the suburban lines, then of the interurban and recently there have been many electric roads constructed to parallel the steam lines. The more general use of this motor is due to the fact that the old 15-horsepower motor has been superseded by motors having from 400 to 500 horsepower.

The enormous growth of the electric railways, therefore, has led many steam railroads to utilize the latest system and practically every trunk line railroad company has already begun the installation of electricity on its lines, or is making preparations to do so in the immediate future.

A week following her return to New York Kittle received the

## Boston &amp; Maine R. R.

## SUMMER ARRANGEMENT

In Effect June 4, 1906

## EASTERN DIVISION

Trains Leave Portsmouth

For Boston—2.20, 5.16, 6.30, 7.20, 7.25, 8.15, 10.55, 11.05 a. m., 1.58, 2.21, 3.00, 5.00, 7.28 p. m., Sunday 2.20, 5.16, 8.00 a. m., 2.21, 5.00, 6.55 p. m.  
For Portland—7.25, 9.55, 10.45, 11.25 a. m., 2.55, 4.22, 8.50, 11.25 p. m., Sunday 8.30, 10.45 a. m., 8.50, 11.25 p. m.  
For Wells Beach—7.25, 9.55 a. m., 2.55, 4.22 p. m., Sunday 8.30 a. m.  
For Old Orchard—7.25, 9.55 a. m., 2.55, 4.22 p. m., Sunday 8.30 a. m.  
For North Conway—10.00 a. m., 2.55 p. m.  
For Somersworth—4.50, 7.25, 9.15, 10.00 a. m., 2.48, 2.55, 5.22, 5.30 p. m.  
For Rochester—7.25, 9.45, 10.00 a. m., 2.48, 2.55, 5.22, 5.30 p. m.  
For Dover—1.50, 7.20, 9.45, 12.15 a. m., 2.38, 5.22, 8.52 p. m., Sunday 8.20, 9.30, 10.48 a. m., 1.25, 5.60, 8.52 p. m.  
For North Hampton and Hampton—6.20, 7.20, 7.30, 8.15, 11.05 a. m., 1.58, 2.21, 5.00 p. m., Sunday 8.00 a. m., 2.21, 5.00, 6.55 p. m.  
For Greenland—7.25, 8.15, 11.05 a. m., 5.00 p. m., Sunday 8.00 a. m., 6.55 p. m.

## Trains for Portsmouth

Leave Boston—5.55, 7.20, 8.50, 9.00, 10.00, 10.15 a. m., 1.00, 3.15, 3.30, 4.45, 6.00, 7.00, 10.00 p. m., Sunday 4.00, 8.20, 9.00, 10.30 a. m., 6.30, 7.00, 10.00 p. m.  
Leave Portland—1.20, 3.50, 6.00 a. m., 12.45, 1.25, 6.00, 8.00 p. m., Sunday 1.20, 3.50 a. m., 12.45, 5.00, 5.45, 8.00 p. m.  
Leave Old Orchard—9.00 a. m., 12.48, 1.53, 2.52, 4.21, 8.17 p. m., Sunday 5.18, 6.06, 8.17 p. m.  
Leave North Conway—7.38 a. m., 4.12 p. m.  
Leave Rochester—7.20, 9.47 a. m., 3.52, 6.11 p. m., Sunday 7.00 a. m.  
Leave Somersworth—6.35, 7.33, 8.15, 10.00, 10.08 a. m., 4.05, 6.24 p. m., Sunday 12.30, 4.12 p. m.  
Leave Dover—6.55, 8.36, 10.24 a. m., 1.40, 4.25, 6.30, 9.20 p. m., Sunday 7.30 a. m., 12.45, 1.50, 4.25, 9.20 p. m.  
Leave Hampton—7.47, 9.22, 10.06, 11.50 a. m., 2.24, 4.26, 4.59, 6.16, 7.24 p. m., Sunday 6.14, 10.06 a. m., 12.03, 7.59 p. m.  
Leave North Hampton—7.52, 9.28, 10.11, 11.55 a. m., 2.30, 4.31, 5.05, 6.21, 7.28 p. m., Sunday 6.19, 10.12 a. m., 12.00, 8.05 p. m.  
Leave Greenland—7.59, 9.35 a. m., 12.01, 2.36, 5.11, 6.27 p. m., Sunday 6.24, 10.18 a. m., 12.15, 8.10 p. m.

## SOUTHERN DIVISION

## Portsmouth Branch

Trains leave the following stations for Manchester, Concord and intermediate stations:

Portsmouth—8.30 a. m., 12.40, 5.25 p. m.

Greenland Village—8.30 a. m., 12.45, 5.33 p. m.

Rockingham Junction—9.05 a. m., 1.02, 5.58 p. m.

Epping—9.20 a. m., 1.16, 6.14 p. m.

Raymond—9.31 a. m., 1.27, 6.25 p. m.

Returning leave,

Concord—7.45, 10.25 a. m., 3.30 p. m.

Manchester—8.32, 11.10 a. m., 4.26 p. m.

Raymond—9.08, 11.48 a. m., 5.02 p. m.

Epping—9.20 a. m., 12.00 p. m., 5.15 p. m.

Rockingham Junction—9.47 a. m., 12.16, 5.55 p. m.

Greenland Village—10.01 a. m., 12.28, 6.08 p. m.

Trains connect at Rockingham Junction for Exeter, Haverhill, Lawrence and Boston. Trains connect at Manchester and Concord for Plymouth, Wonderville, Lancaster, St. Johnsbury, Newport, Vt., Montreal and the west.

\* Via Dover and Western Division; || North Hampton only.

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Dana B. Cutter, Ticket Agent.

D. J. FLANDERS, G. P. and T. A.

YORK HARBOR & BEACH R. R.

Leave Portsmouth—8.20, 11.15 a. m., 12.40, 8.15, 4.55, 6.45 p. m.

Leave York Beach—6.45, 9.50 a. m., 12.05, 1.23, 4.05, 5.50 p. m.

Leave York Harbor—6.53, 9.53, 12.11 a. m., 1.20, 1.12, 5.58 p. m.

Dana B. Cutter, Ticket Agent.

D. J. FLANDERS, G. P. and T. A.

## Portsmouth Electric Railway

Time-Table in Effect Daily, Commencing Sept. 11, 1906.

## TIME TABLE

Portsmouth, Dover & York St. Ry.

In Effect Sept. 11, 1906.

## Main Line.

Leave Market Square for Rye Beach and Little Boar's Head at 7.05 a. m., and hourly until 7.05 p. m. For Cable Road only at 8.30 a. m., 6.50 a. m., and 10.40 p. m. For Little Boar's Head only at 8.05 p. m. and 9.05 p. m. car mak close connection for North Hampton. On Theatre Nights 10.05 p. m. car waits until close of performance.

Returning—Leave Junction with E. H. & A. St. Ry. at 8.35 a. m. and hourly until 8.35 p. m.

Leave Cable Road \*\*6.10 a. m., 7.30 a. m. and 10.40 p. m. Leave Little Boar's Head 9.10 p. m. and 10.10 p. m. Leave Sagamore Hill, Sundays only, for Market Sq. at 10.23 a. m.

## Plains Loop.

Up Middle Street and up Islington street—Leave Market Square a \*\*6.35 a. m., 7.05 a. m., and half hourly until 10.05 p. m., and a 10.35 and 11.05 p. m. Up Middle street only at 10.35 p. m. Sundays.

Last cars each night run to car bar only.

Running time to Plains, 13 minutes Christian Shore Loop.

Up Islington Street and down Market Street—Leave Market Square a \*\*6.35 a. m., 7.05 a. m., and half hourly until 10.05 p. m., and a 10.35 and 11.05 p. m.

Running time from Market Square to B. & M. Station is, up Islington street, 16 minutes; and down Market street, 4 minutes.

Leave Salmon Falls Bridge, South Berwick—6.30 a. m. and hourly until 10.30 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 8.00 a. m.

Leave York Beach—8.05 a. m. and every two hours until 10.05 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 8.05 a. m.

Leave Dover and Portsmouth—6.00 a. m. and hourly to 10.00 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 8.00 a. m.

For York—8.00 a. m. and every two hours until 10.00 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 8.00 a. m.

Leave Dover and Portsmouth—6.00 a. m. and hourly to 10.00 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 8.00 a. m.

Leave Salmon Falls Bridge, South Berwick—6.30 a. m. and hourly until 10.30 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 8.00 a. m.

Leave York Beach—8.05 a. m. and every two hours until 10.05 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 8.05 a. m.

Leave Dover and Portsmouth—6.00 a. m. and hourly to 10.00 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 8.00 a. m.

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## THE HERALD.

MINIATURE ALMANAC  
JUNE 7.SUNRISE ..... 5:08 MOON RISING ..... 08:15 P. M.  
SUNSET ..... 8:11 FULL MOON ..... 11:45 P. M.  
LENGTH OF DAY ..... 15:10Full Moon, June 6th, at 12m., evening, E.  
Last Quarter, June 13th, 2h. 34m., evening, W.  
New Moon, June 21st, 6h. 46m., evening, W.  
First Quarter, June 28th, 9h. 19m., morning, E.

THURSDAY, JUNE 7, 1906.

## THE TEMPERATURE

At two o'clock this afternoon, THE HERALD'S thermometer registered sixty degrees above zero.

## LOCAL DASHES

The circus comes next week.

Flag day falls on Thursday of next week.

The North End docks are once again busy.

The first hot wave of the year has switched off.

Three weeks to the next city government meeting.

The showers have done vegetation a world of good.

Farmers say that there is danger of too much rain.

Boston's baseball teams furnish little cause for pride.

Young America is saving up its money for the circus.

The glorious Fourth is less than a month in the future.

The merry roll of the thunder was heard again yesterday.

Next week's probate court session will be held in Exeter.

Have your shoes repaired by John Motz, 34 Congress street.

Strawberries will not last much more than a month longer.

June appears to have a great variety of weather on tap.

Locust plagues are reported in some parts of New England.

The brown-tail moth is most decidedly in evidence in this city.

The month of roses has not yet proved its title to its name.

Kittery and York are appreciating their Summer mail schedule.

The Franklin Pierce veterans will soon be ready to man the brakes.

The attractions of the Main and Cummins show are well advertised.

The local industrial outlook is more encouraging than for several years.

Nature is not kind to the Portsmouth nine's mid-week baseball games.

As a rule, Portsmouth does not receive the full force of electrical storms.

The board of trade is not afraid to express its views, whoever is hit thereby.

Services are in preparation at the churches for Children's Sunday next week.

While there is life there is always hope for the concern that advertises judiciously.

The earthquake prediction turned out to be the fake every sensible person expected.

The High School baseball players will measure strength with the graduates on Saturday.

Dedicating the Porter statue certainly involves some perplexing problems for the committee.

K. G. E. Hall, once Bliss College, has come suddenly into prominence as a secret order home.

Busy days for the Summer hotel proprietor and his employees, preparing for the opening of the house.

Arrived—Barge Kilmington from Philadelphia with 1553 tons of anthracite coal for Arthur W. Walker.

Electrical disturbances in the atmosphere are liked almost as little as earthquakes by a good many people.

The Improvement Society in its four years of existence has done much to better conditions in Portsmouth.

Amateur weather prophets disagree in their predictions for the Summer. Cold and rain and heat and drought are variously promised.

## A POSSIBLE SENSATION

Rumors are in circulation of a possible sensation in the town of Kittery, growing out of the too free use of firearms. If the rumors have any foundation in fact, those having knowledge of the incidents are unusually reticent.

## I. O. O. F. AND REBEKAHS

All Odd Fellows and Rebekahs report at the Hall at 6:45 p. m. Sunday for services at Christ Church.

## N. H. C. COMMENCEMENT

## Members of Senior Class Receive Their Degrees

## HON. HENRY C. MORRISON HONORED BY COLLEGE

Eighteen members of the senior class of New Hampshire College, Durham, received the degree of bachelor of science on Wednesday, two the degree of master of science and one that of mechanical engineer. Five students received certificates for the agricultural course of two years.

Hon. Henry C. Morrison, formerly of this city, superintendent of public instruction, was given the honorary degree of master of science and Prof. Henry F. Hall of the college faculty the degree of bachelor of science.

The program of Commencement day included a battalion prize drill on the campus in the morning, the commencement exercises in Thompson Hall, the alumni dinner and the meeting of the Alumni Association.

In the afternoon, Mrs. Gibbs, wife of President W. D. Gibbs, received the seniors, the college trustees and their friends at her home. Fraternity meetings were held during the afternoon.

At the meeting of the trustees, new members of the college and experiment station staff were appointed as follows:

T. J. Headlee of Cornell, assistant in entomology and assistant entomologist to the experiment station; F. J. Porter of Cornell, assistant chemist to the experiment station; C. H. Garrison of Portland, Me., a graduate of Dartmouth and Yale, assistant professor of English and philosophy, succeeding E. R. Groves, who has resigned; F. R. Brown, a graduate of New Hampshire College, instructor in machine work, to succeed his father, John N. Brown, resigned; George S. Ham, farm foreman; John D. Clark, Nashua, N. H. C., '06, student assistant in chemistry; Charles G. James, assistant in chemistry, graduate of Institute of Chemistry of London, England.

Prof. C. L. Parsons will remain at the college, having declined the professorship of chemistry at the University of Cleveland.

Nevers' orchestra of Concord furnished music for the commencement exercises and John B. Whoriskey sang. Rev. M. F. Johnson of Nashua offered prayer and Andrew Sloan Draper, New York state commissioner of education, delivered the commencement address.

Among the graduates was Ralph Edward Gowen of Stratham and Alfred Walter Clough of Greenland received an agricultural course certificate.

Hon. Henry C. Morrison was one of the toastmasters at the annual banquet.

The senior promenade in Thompson Hall concluded the program of the day.

## "REDDY"

## He Has Something To Say About The City Bathhouse

"Naw, I don't need no money to-day," assured Reddy as I encountered him on Vaughan street this morning. "I ran into a guy yestid' what thought he knew all about skatin' de bones. I started in wid a nickel an' before I'd made him believe he was a mint at de game I'd taken five dollars an' thirty-five cents of his hard-earned away from him. I had breakfast at Charley Ham's an' I'm goin' to take dinner dere, too."

"Say, we don't dey launch de bat' house. We've sure been needin' it bad. Lots us tellers would like to take a cold plunge in de river occasionally an' we miss dose public baths all right."

"It don't seem dat dere's any need of huntin' round for somebody to chris'en de bat' house an' no bands, flags nor dedicatin' ceremonies is called for. All dat dey's got to do is to pull it across de river an' hitch a cable to it."

"I understands dat dere's got to be a keeper. For one ting, dere's chaps dat needs de money an', besides, you might as well have a circus tent wid no performers as a bat' house widout a man to boss it."

"W'y don't de high cards at City Hall deal out de job to some industrious guy. Dere's lots of chaps willin' to collect deh' pay from de public for playin' main prop at de city bat'. De office won't have to git no lantern an' go out huntin'

1

## King Among Pianos

That Is the Title One Might Rightfully Confer Upon

## CHICKERINGS.

In strength of construction, breadth and beauty of tone, delicacy and strength of action, majestic orchestral powers and beauty of case, Chickering Pianos, leave absolutely nothing to be desired. They have taken more first medals and awards than any other piano in the world; they are the proven BEST of all good pianos. Catalogues free on request.

## H. P. Montgomery,

6 Pleasant Street, Opposite Post Office

(Business Established 1865.)

t'rough de dark corners for de man, not on your Barnum and Bailey pass. As soon as it shows its head outside City Hall doorway, it'll have enough invitations to drink to keep it busy a week. Dere aint no excuse dat I can see for keepin' de job in cold storage no longer.

"I don't care a wilted pink who git's de place. All I wants is to see de bat'house in commission. I believes in keepin' clean at de city's expense and I'm goin' to git de boys of de Burdock an' de Breeze an' de Hay Scales clubs to sign a written protest if somer'in' aint done immediate.

"Better come an' quench yer t'irst wid me. Aint got time, eh? All right; see you later."

## FIFTY-THIRD CONVENTION

Of Portsmouth Baptist Sunday School Association

The fifty-third annual Portsmouth Baptist Sunday school convention will be held at the Brentwood Baptist Church on Tuesday, June 19.

The present officers are as follows: President, E. E. Kidder, Dover; Secretary and Treasurer, Mrs. A. U. Dean, Dover;

Executive Committee—Rev. G. H. Nickerson, Brentwood, Rev. A. E. Woodsum, Exeter, Lewis E. Staples, Portsmouth.

Following is the program:

## Morning Session

10:30 Devotional meeting. J. E. Moulton.

Welcome. Pastor.

11:00 Appointment of committees and Sunday school letters.

11:45 Address, "The Superintendent's Duties in the Sunday School," Dr. A. C. Buswell.

12:15 Dinner.

## Afternoon Session

1:45 Devotional meeting, Rev. H. K. Wilbur.

2:00 Reports of committees and election of officers.

2:30 Address, "The Up-to-Date Text Book for Sunday Schools," Rev. J. F. Fielden.

3:00 "The Conversion of Our Scholars in the Sunday School," Rev. A. E. Woodsum.

(a) "Necessity," Rev. A. E. Woodsum.

(b) "Method," Rev. G. N. Shepard.

Discussion.

3:40 "Indispensable Equipments for Sunday School Teachers," Rev. C. A. Towne.

4:00 Unfinished business and adjournment.

## FURNITURE SOLD

From Secret Order Quarters in the Pierce Block

All the carpets, chairs and other lodge paraphernalia in Red Men's Hall, in the Pierce block on High street, owned jointly by the Knights of the Golden Eagle, Red Men, Royal Arcanum and Knights of Malta, were sold at auction today (Thursday) at noon to John McDonough, the highest bidder.

The orders which formerly occupied the hall have sought new quarters and wished to dispose of the fixtures in this way.

The hall will at once be cleaned and repairs and alterations started, to make it the best lodge room in the state. The Elks will hold their last meeting there this (Thursday) evening.

## WITH MRS. MARTIN

Ladies' Aid Society of the Methodist Church Met

The Ladies' Aid Society of the Methodist Church met with Mrs. J. M. Martin of Chapel street on Wednesday afternoon and evening, a large number being present.

## NOT EXPECTED BEFORE SATURDAY

DAY

A dispatch from Boston today (Thursday) is to the effect that no decision in the Tucker case is expected before Saturday.

## ALPHA COUNCIL

## Enjoyed Housewarming With

Many Friends

## IN ITS NEW QUARTERS IN K. G. E. HALL LAST EVENING

Alpha Council, No. 83, Royal Arcanum, held a grand housewarming in its new quarters in K. G. E. Hall on Wednesday evening. About two hundred persons were in attendance.

The program was provided by the Portsmouth High School Musical Clubs and Frank Goodwin.

The boys gave a superb exemplification of their well trained talents, and Mr. Goodwin was inimitable. Encores were the order of the evening.

Following the rendition of the program votes of thanks were tendered the entertainers.

Fred T. Hartson spoke briefly concerning the coming outing of the several Royal Arcanum Councils at Central Park, Somersworth, which the Portsmouth Council and many outside friends will attend in a body.

Refreshments consisting of ice cream, cake, sandwiches, coffee, lemonade and cigars were served.

## MUGRIDGE WHARF LEASED

## Secured By The Atlantic Shore Line Railway Company

The Atlantic Shore Line Railway Company has leased the Mugridge wharf, off Market street. It will be used for general wharfage purposes and will materially increase the wharf room of the company.

In addition to the ferry slip at the foot of Ceres street, the Atlantic Shore line now has two wharves on the Portsmouth water front. The Jones' wharf was leased several weeks ago. As announced on Wednesday in these columns, a great floating stage is to be built on the Badger's Island shore.

The Mugridge wharf lease was signed this week. The company will probably make some changes and will build freight and passenger sheds. Freight sheds will also, it is said, be erected at Badger's Island.

## ROOT—PERKINS

Marriage in Topsfield, Mass., of Young Lady Well Known Here

The wedding of Raymond Richmon Root and Miss Molly Winifred Perkins was solemnized on Wednesday afternoon at High Rock Cottage, Topsfield, Mass., the home of her grandmother Mrs. Susan Irene Perkins, and other uncle, Lyman A. Perkins, the organist of the North Church in this city.

The bride is well known in Portsmouth, a successful kindergartner and a very popular young lady.

The marriage service was in the presence of members of the two families and was followed by a reception from half-past three to five o'clock, at which many friends extended hearty congratulations. Portsmouth being represented by Misses Katherine Sweetser, Mary Garland and Edith Brewster and John C. Eatchel and John W. Mitchell.

## CHRISTIAN CONFERENCE

Delegates Are Now in Attendance at Manchester

Rev. Frank H. Gardner of this city led the praise and prayer service at the opening of Wednesday's session of the New England convention of Christian Churches in Manchester. He was also appointed a member of a committee to draw up rules and regulations for the missionary body.

Rev. Edward H. Macy of Kittery delivered an address on "Music and Its Place in Public Worship."

Among the delegates present are Rev. Mr. Gardner and Mrs. Gardner, Mrs. Abbie Marden, Ira Shapleigh, Fannie A. Adams, Lizzie D. Perkins, Portsmouth; Rev. Mr. Macy, Mrs. E. A. Duncan, Mrs. Mary F. Fernald, John Glover, Kittery; Rev. J. H. Mugridge, Stratham.

## OBSEQUIES

The body of Mrs. Sarah L. Prindle was brought here from Woburn this (Thursday) morning on the 10:45 train and was buried in Harmony Grove cemetery by Undertaker O. W. Ham.

Mrs. Prindle died in Woburn on Monday, aged sixty years, two months and ten days.

## Give Me Some Thin Underwear

We're hearing this cry constantly these days and we never fail to respond to the call at once.

Our lines of Breezy Underwear are very comfortable.

We've the Balbriggan, Lisle, Gauze, Linen, Mesh, etc.

50c to \$2.00 Per Garment.

It's our variety of Underwear materials and our unusual range of sizes, coupled to our reasonable prices, that bring us such a large Underwear business.

## AT FAY'S BIG STORE

YOU CAN FIND A BIG LINE OF SUMMER GOODS.

W. H. FAY,  
3 Congress St. Portsmouth, N. H.

VOL. XX. NO. 215

PORTSMOUTH, N. H., THURSDAY, JUNE 7, 1906.

The Portsmouth Daily Republican merged  
with The Herald, July 1, 1904.

PRICE 2 CENTS

## HE CHOSE DEATH

Laconia Man Decided to  
Live No Longer

RESPONDENCY LED HUTCHIN-  
SON TO SELF MURDER

Body Was Found in His Room By A  
Hotel Clerk

MAN HAD MADE MANY FRIENDS IN THE  
LAKE CITY

Laconia, June 7.—Despondent over  
business troubles, William A. Hutchinson,  
forty-two years of age, employed as a salesman in the cloak de-  
partment of Lougee, Dinsmore and  
Parents store, committed suicide on  
Wednesday in his room in the Mount  
Belknap Hotel at the Lakeport end  
of this city.

The man was found about two  
o'clock by the hotel clerk, William  
Nichols, who had been notified by a  
chambermaid that she was unable to  
get into the room.

Mr. Nichols then forced the door  
open and Hutchinson was found ly-  
ing upon the bed face downward with  
a bullet hole through his head. The  
bullet had entered a little to the right  
of the center just under the chin and  
passed up the right side to the brain.  
On a table near the bed was an  
empty bottle, which had contained a  
weak solution of carbolic acid, which  
he had drank. A. L. Twigg, the  
proprietor of the hotel, immediately  
notified Medical Referee Backford of  
Belmont, who examined the body and  
found that death had been caused by  
a bullet from a thirty-two caliber re-  
volver. The physician stated that  
the man had been dead about twelve  
hours.

It is understood that Hutchinson  
had got into financial difficulties with  
the firm by which he was employed  
and that the matter had come to a  
head Tuesday morning. A warrant  
for his arrest had been issued and  
was in the hands of the police, who  
were watching him and would have  
placed him under arrest in case he  
attempted to leave the town. Tues-  
day morning, however, it is alleged,  
Hutchinson had a consultation with  
some members of the firm and the  
matter was partially adjusted.

Another meeting was to have taken  
place this morning, when the trouble  
was to have been fixed

up. Hutchinson left the store shortly  
after noon and went to Lakeport.  
He is survived by a widow, who is  
prostrated by the shock of his un-  
timely death, and is now under the  
care of a physician.

Mr. and Mrs. Hutchinson came to  
the city about four years ago from  
Waterville, Me., and at once entered  
the employ of the Lougee firm. They  
have made many friends in Laconia,  
who are greatly shocked at the news  
of his suicide.

### RAINS DOING HARM

They Are Likely to Cause Serious In-  
jury to Crops

The rain has certainly done all the  
good it can do just now and, in fact,  
we are getting a little too much of it.  
A well known farmer in conversation  
with a Herald man this (Thursday)  
morning said that the rains were  
causing the farmers no end of  
trouble. This man has planted sev-  
eral acres of land with potatoes, tur-  
nips, corn and other vegetables and  
everything has spoiled. He will  
either have to let them stay in the  
ground and take chances of getting  
small crops from what he has planted  
or replant them.

The water that comes now remains  
on the surface, owing to the ground  
being so wet and has practically de-  
stroyed everything planted.

"If it keeps up," said the farmer to  
the reporter, "we may as well go out  
of business."

## KITTERY LETTER

### Newsy Items From Across The River

### INTERESTING PERSONAL AND SOCIAL PARAGRAPHS

Crops Suffering From Almost Con-  
stant Downpour of Rain

### Gossip of a Day Collected by Our Correspondent

Kittery, June 7

Fifty members of Constitution  
Lodge, Knights of Pythias, will visit  
Somersworth on Sunday, June 10, to  
attend memorial services by the Ber-  
wick and Somersworth Lodges. Ser-  
vices will be held in the Congregational  
Church, then the lodges will  
march to the cemetery where the  
graves of the dead brothers will be  
decorated. Later, at the hall of  
Rathbone Lodge, a collation will be  
served to the visiting knights. A  
special car will leave Kittery Point  
at 11:30 and Badger's Island at  
twelve. Returning, the car will  
leave Somersworth at 5:30. Each  
knight may take a lady if he chooses.

The junior exhibition will be given  
on Tuesday evening, June 19, at  
Traip Academy hall.

Mr. Hoyt of Portsmouth has  
moved his family into the house of  
J. T. Lewis on Stimson street.  
Crops are certainly not suffering at  
present from lack of rain. Indeed,  
they are suffering from too much of  
it and a very little more will ruin  
many crops. The growth of every-  
thing is retarded by such a flood, and  
the farmers who have been wishing  
so long for rain, now change their  
tune.

A regular meeting of York Rebekah  
Lodge will be held on Saturday  
evening at Grange Hall.

The mails were delayed on Wed-  
nesday evening by the thunder  
storm.

Miss Sadie Bickford enjoyed an  
auto ride to Exeter with friends on  
Wednesday.

An enjoyable assembly of the Inde-  
pendent Club was held at Wentworth  
Hall on Wednesday evening.

Rev. Sylvester Hooper, who has  
been passing a few days with his  
wife at Saco, returned home today.

During the thunder storm on Wed-  
nesday afternoon a large oak on the  
premises of Daniel Cook at North  
Kittery was struck by lightning and  
split completely open to the ground.

Mrs. John B. Wilson has gone to  
Plymouth, Mass., where her little  
grandson, Marcy, is very ill at the  
home of her daughter, Mrs. Good-  
speed.

Proposals for the lease of the  
premises for a postoffice for a term  
of either five or ten years will be re-  
ceived until further notice by J. M.  
White, assistant superintendent of  
the postoffice department, at Boston.

Hon. Horace Mitchell passed today  
in Boston on business.

Miss Florence Cleaves of Port-  
smouth has opened her cottage at  
Spruce Creek for the season.

Kittery Point

A prize speaking contest will be  
held under the auspices of the Wom-  
an's Christian Temperance Union  
of the Baptist Church at 7:45 this  
evening. The admission will be fifteen  
cents. Following is the program:

Music, March, Miss Hattie Mitchell

Address, Rev. S. D. Church

"The Drunkard's Blow."

Miss Bertha Seaward

"Drinking Annie's Tears."

Miss Louise Ryder

"The Two Glasses," Arthur Seaward

"Dot's Christmas."

Miss Millie Sawyer

Vocal solo, Victor Amoe

"The Land of Shining Gold."

Miss Violet Prueett

"On the Other Train," Arthur Prueett

"College Oil Cans," Miss Edna Seaward

Vocal solo, Mrs. James Coleman  
Presentation of silver medal.  
Music, march, Miss Hattie Mitchell

John LaValle and family of Boston  
arrived today to occupy the Albert  
Sleckney cottage at Gerrish Island  
for the summer.

Mr. Perry of Medford, Mass., is  
the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Thurston  
D. Patch.

Oliver L. Frisbee of Portsmouth  
passed Wednesday at his cottage  
"The Anchorage" on Tavistock Is-  
land.

Miss Lizzie Grindley, head waitress  
at the Parkfield Hotel, who has been  
passing a few days with her sister at  
Brighton, Mass., has returned.

The Ladies' Aid Society of the  
Freewill Baptist Church postponed  
their meeting with Mrs. Martin Williams  
on Wednesday evening on ac-  
count of stormy weather.

The United States fish commission  
schooner Grampus arrived on Wed-  
nesday to collect seed lobsters.

PORT OF PORTSMOUTH

Arrivals At and Departures From Our  
Harbor June 6

Arrived

United States fish commission  
schooner Grampus, Hansen, Booth-  
bay.

Tug Lenape, Anderson, Philadel-  
phia, towing barge Kimberton, with  
1550 tons of coal to Arthur W. Walker;  
tug left another barge outside  
and later proceeded eastward with  
her.

Tug Portsmouth, Perkins, Boston,  
towing two barges.

Cleared

Barge Mingo, Philadelphia.

Barge No. 14, Baltimore.

Barge C. R. R. of N. J. No. 7,

Port Johnson.

No departures.

Wind easterly, thick and rainy.

Notes

Schooner Frontenac has completed  
her charter of five trips between  
Baltimore and this port and will go  
to Bath for repairs.

Tug Savage has been laid up at  
Baltimore for a month undergoing re-  
pairs.

Schooner Clara B. Kennard will  
not be in commission this season.

WHERE'S THE BATHHOUSE?

Citizens Are Vainly Watching for Its  
Appearance

While the people who like a cool  
salt water plunge are busy chasing  
up the breezes of electric fans and  
the shade of the old apple tree, the  
bathhouse, Portsmouth's only free  
amusement headquarters, still rests  
in its muddy bed on the west shore  
of Four Tree Island.

The small boy makes his way to  
the foot of Gates street and leaning  
on the rail of the brow leading to the  
Summer quarters of the float sings  
to himself.

"Mother, may I go out to swim?"

"Yes, my son, you may."

But not until the city lords,

Place the bathhouse in the water.

It is likely that the board of asses-

## FOUND AT LAST

Such Opinion of Officers,  
at Least

### THINK CHARLES E. WITHAM IS IN THE TOILS

Sought By Merrimack County Officials  
For Two Years

WANTED FOR ASSAULT WITH INTENT TO  
KILL

Charles E. Witham, wanted by  
the Merrimack county officials, is  
believed to be locked up in Concord  
jail. The prisoner gives the name of  
Frank Whitman, however, denies that he  
is the man wanted and insists that he  
was never before in this part of the  
country.

The first intimation of the possible  
present whereabouts of Witham, who  
has been sought for two years, was a  
letter from the solicitor of the Con-  
necticut county in which Brooklyn  
jail is located to Deputy Sheriff Robert  
Scott. This letter stated that a Frenchman confined in the jail  
had said that a man serving a sentence  
of thirty days there was Charles E.  
Witham wanted in New Hampshire.  
Through Sheriff Collis, Mr. Scott  
communicated with Solicitor Clifford  
of Merrimack county, where  
Witham is wanted for assault with  
intent to kill in Epsom. Correspondence  
between Mr. Clifford and the  
Connecticut official resulted in what  
seems to be an identification.

A dispatch from Concord says:

"County Solicitor Clifford applied  
to the Governor for extradition pa-  
pers and armed with these Sheriff  
G. A. S. Kimball went down to  
Brooklyn on Tuesday and returned  
Wednesday night with the man who  
says his name is Whitman, and that  
he was born and brought up in Scituate,  
Conn. The man agreed to come  
without the formality of using the  
extradition papers.

"The crime for which the officers  
have been searching high and low for  
Witham during the last two years,  
was perpetrated in Epsom and the  
victim was Alice Smith, a niece of  
Witham. She was assaulted on her  
way to school and for a long time her  
life was despaired of. Witham fled  
after the assault and has never been  
heard of since.

TAX RATE WILL SOON BE  
KNOWN

It is likely that the board of asses-

sors will be able to announce the tax  
rate for the current year some time  
next week. The work of making in-  
ventories of property is nearly com-  
pleted.

### EXETER BENEFITED

By the Will of the Late Prof. George  
A. Wentworth

A dispatch from Exeter says that  
the late Prof. George A. Wentworth  
in his will has generously remem-  
bered several local charities. Five  
thousand dollars is given to the Exeter  
Cottage Hospital as a part of the  
permanent fund of the hospital. He  
gives \$5000 to the First Parish as a  
permanent fund to be called the Lang  
fund in memory of his uncle and  
aunt, the late Benjamin and Hannah  
B. Lang.

To the trustees of the Phillips Ex-  
eter Academy he bequeaths \$10,000  
subject to two life estates. At the  
death of the two annuitants this fund  
is to be added to the Wentworth  
mathematical fund of the academy.

The bulk of the estate is given to  
the Wentworth family. Should any  
one of the testator's children die  
without issue, the equitable share of  
the child so dying is given to estab-  
lish and maintain a home in Exeter  
for needy and worthy women of Ex-  
eter or Wakefield or Brookfield, to be  
known in memory of the late Mrs.  
Wentworth as the Emily Wentworth  
Home.

### HORSE MALTREATED

And Poisoned in the Stable of Jacob  
Cohen

A horse belonging to E. Dorfman,  
kept in the stable of Jacob Cohen,  
died on Tuesday, the result it is be-  
lieved of poison. Someone entered  
the stable at night, it is said, admin-  
istered the poison and mutilated the  
horse.

Cohen believes that the act was in-  
spired by a desire for revenge, grow-  
ing out of a recent court case in  
which he was a witness. He says  
that he was warned in advance that  
if he testified he would be in some way  
made to suffer.

It is thought that those who mal-  
treated the horse supposed that it be-  
longed to Cohen.

The matter is now in the hands of  
the Society for the Prevention of  
Cruelty to Animals and will be in-  
vestigated. Cohen thinks that  
can name the guilty man, but  
rest has yet been made.

The horse was most cruelly  
ed.

### ELKS, TAKE NOTICE

A regular meeting will be held this  
evening in Red Men's Hall. All nec-  
essary business will be transacted.  
You are requested to attend.

Per order, JOHN G. GRAHAM,  
Exalted Ruler.

### AUDITORS MET

The auditors of the Portsmouth  
Building and Loan Association held  
a session on Wednesday evening and  
went over the books of the organization.

The Home of **Lenox Chocolates**

<img alt="Illustration of the New England Confectionery Company building, a large multi-story structure with a prominent tower and a sign that reads 'NEW ENGLAND CONFECTIONERY COMPANY'." data-bbox="560 730 910

## TUCKER CASE

Decision Expected Today  
Or TomorrowGOV. GUILD WILL DEVOTE  
MUCH TIMETo Going Thoroughly Over Affidavits  
And Evidence OfferedMR. PARKER AGAIN APPEARS IN THE ROLE  
OF PUBLIC PROSECUTOR

Boston, June 6.—Shortly after arriving at the state house today Governor Guild announced that there would be no decision in the case of Charles L. Tucker, who is under sentence of death, until tomorrow or Friday.

The governor will spend a great deal of time in going over the affidavits and evidence which were offered yesterday at the state house in connection with the petition for a commutation of Tucker's sentence to life imprisonment.

Mrs. Tucker, the condemned man's mother, visited her son at the state prison in Charlestown today and remained with him about three-quarters of an hour. She seemed quite cheerful and expressed her confidence that Governor Guild would commute Tucker's sentence.

"Charley is in good spirits," said, on leaving the institution. "He does not like the prison so well as he did the East Cambridge jail and misses several of the little things he was allowed there."

The official report of the arguments of counsel at the private hearing yesterday at the state house were given out today. Former Attorney General Herbert Parker, who conducted the prosecution at the Tucker trial, again assumed the role of public prosecutor last night at the conclusion of the taking of evidence. With reference to the petition for commutation signed by over 100,000 names, Mr. Parker pointed out that nowhere in any of them was ground set forth why the power of the governor should be exercised.

## A CRISIS AT HAND

## Relations Between Douglass and The Government

Harrisburg, Pa., June 6.—The lower house of parliament and the government are rapidly coming to close quarters, and the conflict which became inevitable the moment the popular assembly presented its demands in the address to the throne cannot be much longer delayed.

The excitement in the interior is increasing daily. Partial strikes have begun at Kieff, and the peasants in some provinces have begun to seize the land of the proprietors.

The leaders of the constitutional Democrats in the lower house realized that they must go with the tide, and the government which sought to calmly ignore the "extra constitutional" demands of the house, and sent the minister to the house with conciliatory speeches, realizes that the government policy has failed.

The scene at yesterday's session, when the house refused to listen to the ministers and practically drove them from the rostrum, clearly presents the issue—the emperor must dismiss the cabinet or fight in yielding to the militant spirit of the radicals upon this point the constitutional Democrats again solidified the opposition, which was on the verge of dissensions over the agrarian question—dissensions of which the government is eager to take advantage, it being reliably reported that the government has planned to make a direct appeal to the peasantry by distributing to the land-hungry peasants on easy payments, 3,750,000 acres of crown-lands on the right bank of the Volga and in the southern and central provinces without awaiting the action of parliament. This step is strongly advised by the leaders of the nobility, who are holding a general congress here.

## TELEGRAPHIC BRIEFS

Concord, June 6.—Exercises commemorative of the semi-centennial of the founding of St. Paul's school began here at noon today and will continue throughout tomorrow. The feature of today's program was the dedication of a monument in honor of the boys of the school, numbering 120, who served in the war with Spain.

## Dear Doctor—

I owe you so much—  
for you saved my Mama's life—  
she was awful sick—the Doctor  
came and Papa cried—so did I—  
The Doctor could not help her—  
but Aunt Emma—She told  
Mama to take Dr. Pierce's Favorite  
Prescription—and so she got  
well in enough time.

I thank you very much

To Dr. R. V. Pierce. Fred Decker.

Many mothers of families in the United States have reason to be grateful to the person who recommended Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. This is a medicine specially prescribed for diseases of womankind. It does not cure eczema, catarrh in its forms, nor heart disease, for it is put up for the single purpose of curing diseases peculiar to women. It has a reputation of over a third of a century of cures, and has sold more largely on this continent than any other medicine for women. Another point in its favor—it does not contain a single drop of alcohol or harmful habit-forming drugs. It is purely vegetable and perfectly harmless in any condition of the system. An alcoholic compound for women is something no woman should take and yet "Favorite Prescription" is the only tonic and nerve put up for sale through druggists, especially for women's weaknesses, that does not contain alcohol and that too in large quantities. Woman's weakness will always bring nervous irritability and a nervous condition, for which alcohol is the worst thing in the world. What a woman thus afflicted needs is a vegetable tonic and invigorating medicine like Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription, which will build up her delicate system and bring about a healthy tone. It cures the drams and weaknesses of women, also dislocations, as prolapsus, anteversion, retroversion, irregular and painful periods and kindred ailments.

If you want to know what ails you the United States mail will bring you the best medical advice for only the cost of writing materials and stamps. Many women owe their present good health to the fact that they consulted Dr. Pierce by letter, giving him all possible information about their condition, symptoms, etc., and received in return good medical advice which cost them nothing. This is why we advise you to write to Dr. R. V. Pierce, the founder of the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, at Buffalo, N. Y.

Dr. Pierce by no means confines himself to prescribing his well-known proprietary medicines. He tells you in the most common-sense way what ails you, what you ought to do, what

and of the seven alumni who lost their lives in that struggle.

Harrisburg, Pa., June 6.—The Republican state convention met today. Congressman Olmstead was chosen temporary chairman. The stated candidates for the different offices are: Governor, Edwin S. Stuart of Philadelphia; Lieutenant governor, Robert S. Murray of Cambria county; auditor, Robert K. Young of Tioga county; secretary of internal affairs, Harry Houck of Lebanon.

Vienna, June 6.—The German emperor arrived here today and was greeted at the Northern railroad station by Emperor Francis Joseph in person. The meeting was marked by extreme cordiality, the monarchs kissing each other three times. After introducing their suites the emperor proceeded to Schoenbrunn castle. They were heartily cheered along the route. Later Emperor William drove through the town and called on members of the Austrian imperial family.

Indianapolis, Ind., June 6.—The forty-third national convention of the United States Brewers association met today at the Claypool hotel. Over 200 delegates are present, representing nearly every state in the Union.

Rochester, N. Y., June 6.—Rev. Algernon S. Trapsey, rector of St. Andrews Protestant Episcopal church of this city, today, through his son, James Beck Perkins, filed an appeal from the findings of the ecclesiastical court that found him guilty of heresy.

Washington, June 6. The flood of telegrams to the Senate on the anti-slavery amendment to the railroad rate bill continued in somewhat abated volume today and most of them were presented to the Senate for notation in the Congressional Record. A majority of them were from railroad employees and their organizations. Senator Taft raised the point that as the telegrams were addressed to individual Senators they do not partake of the nature of petitions and should not be presented to the Senate.

Durham, N. H., June 6. This was commencement day and the last day of commencement week exercises at the New Hampshire State College.

## GAME WAS STARTED

## But Rain Stopped The Portsmouth-Biddeford Battle Royal

The playing of the game between Portsmouth and Biddeford in the tiny little Maine city was presented by Jupiter Playing Field.

The game was started off by Portsmouth, however, with the usual rush. McGraw went to bat, and led off with a hit, stealing second. Huron went to bat, and the rain came, driving everyone to shelter, and surely disappointing the crowd, which certainly was cheated by the elements out of witnessing a good game.

The two teams will probably meet again in the not distant future.

## BEEF SCANDAL REVIVAL

## Packers Afraid Of Big Stick And Are Lying Low

Chicago, Ill., June 6.—Chicago representatives of the packing industries appeared today by the force of the attack made upon their business through President Roosevelt making public the report of his investigators, Messrs. Neill and Reynolds in his special message to Congress Monday.

They even declined to follow the lead of Ogden Armour's statement made in Paris to the effect that President Roosevelt has a strong personal animus against the packers of Chicago, and is doing and will do every thing in his power to discredit them and their business.

Business men well acquainted with certain packers explained the latter's reluctance to reply to what they ascertained are unjust denunciations, on the ground that the beef men either see a covert threat in the President's statement that the report of Monday was merely preliminary, or fear the President may use his arbitrary power to withdraw the federal inspector thereby ruling the packers' foreign trade.

As to what the cause of the alleged "animus" attributed to the President by the head of Armour and Co. might be, Louis F. Swift of Swift and Co. and Arthur Meeker of Armour and Co. declined to hazard a guess.

It was reported in Packingtown that the packers had made a written proposal to President Roosevelt that he send a sanitary engineer to the stock yards to make recommendations and that any recommendations thus made would be followed, and that the alleged disregard of this proposal and subsequent publication of the report of yesterday was responsible for the extremely bitter feeling said to exist among the packers today.

Stirred by the Neill-Reynolds report, a number of livestock commission men began a personal investigation of the conditions in the packing plants.

Chicago is turning to the diet of the vegetarian. Meats are being spurned by people all over the city.

## President Angry At Secretary Wilson

Washington, D. C., June 6.—President Roosevelt has been astonished, chagrined and angered at the condition of affairs in the agricultural department, with reference to the inspection of meat, and the war which he has been making on the beef trust has disclosed scandalous incompetency under his very eyes, which he is now seeking to remedy.

When Dr. Neill and Mr. Reynolds prepared their report of the sickening conditions in the Chicago stock yards they were compelled to write what is in effect a very serious reflection upon Secretary of Agriculture Wilson and A. D. Melvin, chief of the bureau of animal industry.

So serious is this reflection, and so exasperated has the President become at the incompetency of the bureau and its connivance at vile abuses, that Mr. Roosevelt insists upon a complete reorganization of the bureau.

He has also recently said that no member of the cabinet had caused anything like the embarrassment that Secretary Wilson had, and the retirement of the head of that department is regarded as only a matter of short time.

## HAIL STORM YESTERDAY

## Swept Over Nearby Towns With Destructive Force

A severe hail storm swept over the nearby towns of Rye and the Hampshire on Wednesday with destructive force.

Considerable damage is reported as having been done to some of the growing garden crops and fruit trees.

## FIRE LOSES US SUMMER RESIDENT

Mr. and Mrs. Myron W. Whitney, the former the leading basso of some years ago in English opera circles,

have been living for several years at South Sandwich, Mass., on Cape Cod, a pretty place purchased by Myron W. Whitney, Jr., better known to his family and intimate friends as "Junie." The handsome place owned formerly by Mr. Whitney, Sr., near Portsmouth, N. H., met with great losses by fire some time ago, and the latter has preferred the more southern climate and conditions on Cape Cod. Interesting reunions of the old days of the Bostonians, afterward the Bostonians, take place in the Whitney cottage every summer, as his company was originally formed of choir singers of Boston and vicinity, and had their first professional experiences together, and made lasting friendships between them. Mr. and Mrs. Morsell have spent most of their vacations with the Whitneys since their retirement from the stage.—Washington Star.

## A YOUNG VETERAN

## Who Hails From Our Neighboring Town Of Kittery

Edward A. Chesley, a Kittery young Civil War veteran, was born in Charlestown, Mass., May 9, 1819.

He enlisted and was mustered into service Aug. 19, 1861, as private in the Seventeenth Unattached Company Massachusetts Heavy Artillery. This company was later consolidated into a regiment and became Company A, Massachusetts Heavy Artillery.

Mr. Chesley writes: "I was not a drummer boy, but shouldered the musket and carried the knapsack; in other words, I was high private in the rear rank."

He was discharged at Fort Richardson, Va., June 17, 1865, at close of the war.

## SET OF HANDSOME COLORED POST CARDS

## Of New England Scenery, Issued By Boston And Maine Railroad

The beauty and splendor of New England's magnificent scenery has never been more typically portrayed than in the choice set of colored souvenir post cards, issued by the General Passenger Department, Boston and Maine railroad. They comprise twenty magnificent views, the best of mountain, seashore, inland, river and lake scenes to be found in the country. They are the expensive, eight colored lithographic cards, and display these landscape views in their natural colors.

The set is enclosed in an envelope, and will be mailed to any address on receipt of thirty cents in stamps, by the General Passenger Department, Boston and Maine Railroad, Boston Mass.

## GREATER PARAGON PARK

Make a little red ring around June 16 on your calendar for that is the day that Greater Paragon Park at Nantasket Beach will open for the summer. It's going to be a gala day for it begins a season of light and laughter, of freedom from care and bondage, of good humor for all who visit this firefly city by the sea.

In point of land area Greater Paragon Park is not the largest, nor does it claim to be. What it does claim is that it is large enough to be comfortable and to be without exception the most artistic amusement park anywhere in the world.

But there is a great deal to see and this year there is a great deal to see that costs nothing at all, after you have paid admission to the park. Last year it will be recalled there was a free open air circus in which appeared a series of remarkable performers, a free concert afternoon and evening by the Maryland band and that was considered quite enough. For Greater Paragon Park, however, Manager Dodge intends to go much farther in the way of supplying free amusement. In addition to the free circus (and the acts this year will be even more expensive and better than last year) and the Maryland band concerts, there will be a great free recreation ground, a free sand slide, a free hurley-burley slide, five bands and orchestras and other smaller features too numerous to mention. The free recreation grounds add nine acres to the park and affords an excellent place for those who bring their lunches to sit on the cool green grass, or seats if they prefer.

## NOTICE

Sam Lee, who for thirty years has conducted a laundry in this city, will open the store vacated by George W. Lord, 11 Congress street, where he will give strict attention to the wants of his old customers and to all new patrons.

## ANNUAL MEETING JUNE 20

The annual meeting of the New Hampshire Association of Local Fire Insurance Agents is to be held at The Elms, Goff's Falls on Wednesday, June 20.

## PORTSMOUTH, SATURDAY JUNE 16

ALMSHOUSE FIELD.

Under the Direct Management of

WALTER L. MAIN  
COL. CUMMINS' WILD WESTINDIAN CONGRESS, EDUCATED WILD BEASTS,  
FIRE AND FLAME EXHIBITIONS.Startling  
Fire and Flame  
Spectacle.BLAZING  
"Baltimore City"1000 PEOPLE  
TO PARTICIPATE.2 HERDS  
OF  
Performing Elephants

Feature Act of the New York City Hippodrome for 300 consecutive performances.

The...  
Famous Indian Congress  
52 DIFFERENT TRIBES.

## FEATURES OF

|   |      |
|---|------|
| Trans-Mississippi Exposition, Omaha.....        | 1898 |
| Great American Exposition.....                  | 1899 |
| Pan-American Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show..... | 1899 |
| Madison Square Garden, New York.....            | 1903 |
| World's Fair, St. Louis.....                    | 1904 |

Pres. Roosevelt says: "The Pan-American Exposition would have made a real mistake had they not secured Col. Cummings' Indian Congress."

2 PERFORMANCES DAILY  
UNDER SUN AND WATER-PROOF CANOPIES

Down-Town Seal Sales at usual places, com. 9:30 A. M.

Also at Ticket Wagon on Show Grounds.

## GORGEIOUS AND STARTLING STREET PARADE, 10:30 P. M.

TICKETS AND RESERVED SEATS will be on sale on the forenoon of "Irene's Day at Philbrick's Pharmacy, 45 Congress St., at the same price as sold on the Show Grounds.

## FOR ME !

## FRANK JONES

## Portsmouth, N. H.

## ALES

The Kind That They Try to Imitate—But Always Fail

For Fifty Years No Competitor Has Been Able to Put An Article Out to Compete With Our

## Lively Ale

It Has That Creamy Look—It Reaches The Spot.

## THE ALE

That Never Fails to Satisfy

If Your Dealer Doesn't Have It, Write

## THE FRANK JONES BREWING CO.

Portsmouth, N. H.

## A. O. Caswell, Bottler,

121-2 Porter St. Telephone Connection.

IS WHERE YOU CAN FIND THE FOLLOWING GOODS:

Eldredge's 11sener Lager, Half Stock Ale, Cream Ale.

Frank Jones Golden Ale, Homestead Ale, Stock Porter, Nourishing Stout, India Pale Ale.

Portsmouth Brewing Co.'s Pilsner Lager, Sparkling Ale, Half Stock Ale, Stock Porter, India Pale Ale.

Schlitz Lager (Budweiser Brewery Bottling.)

Ales, Lager and Porter by the

## The Little Geisha

By OMOTO WATANNA.

(Copyright, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

Okikusan was in trouble again.

This time she had offended her master by refusing to dance for the American who threw his money so lavishly about. He had specially asked that the girl with the red cheeks, large eyes and white skin be asked to dance for him.

The dancing mats were thrown, the music started, and Kiku had thrust forward one little foot and had crouched to the four corners of the earth. Then she twirled clear around on the tips of the toes of one little foot, her hand tapering out toward the American. She had started to dance without once glancing at the visitor. By chance her eye happened to fall on him, and with a sudden whim she paused in her steps and subsided to the mats, her little feet drawn under her.

The American was watching the girl with amused eyes. Then he crossed to where she sat on the ground.

"Why did you stop dancing?" he asked her, in fairly good Japanese. She answered him in broken English:

"That's account I nod lig' to danze for you!" she told him, candidly.

The girl still sat on the mat, looking straight out before her, her face unreadable in its cold indifference. Hilton could not understand her. She was so unlike any Japanese girl he had ever met, for they generally were so willing and eager to please. After a time he broke the somewhat strained silence to say, in his soft, drawing fashion:

"Would you not like something—or—to drink? Shall I fetch something for you?"

The question was so absurd that the girl's studied indifference broke down.

"That's nod your place to waid on me!" she said, loftily, rising to her feet. "I thing that you lig something to dring. Yes? Thad I git paid to worg here. I thing I bedder bring you something to dring," she added, stiffly. "But I nod lig to waid on you. I prefer vaery much waid on Japanese gents."

There was a sibilant softness to her voice that was bewildering in its charm and sweetness, and her broken English was prettier than anything he had ever heard.

When she brought the hot "sake" back to him her face was smiling above the dainty tray, and as she knelt at his feet while he drank it, he could see that her former petulant mood was gone, and that she was now using every effort to please and conciliate him.

"Now you look like a Japanese sun-beam," he told her, softly, looking unutterable things at her out of his deep gray eyes.

"That's account I afraid gitting discharged," she told him, calmly, still smiling. "Mr. Takahashi tell me if I nod vaery kin' to you he goin' to send me long way from here."

"Ah, I see. Then you are only pretend to smile?"

She shrugged her little shoulders.

"Yes," she said, indifferently. "That's worg for geisha girl. Whad you thing we goin' to git paid for? Account we frown? Or account we laugh? I thing tha's account we laugh. Thad is my worg. What you thing?"

"That you are a philosopher," he told her, smiling, and added: "But what a cynic, too; I didn't expect to find it among Japanese women—cynicism."

The girl smiled a trifle bitterly.

"Oo!" she said, "you nod fin' that mong Japanese—only me! I different from nev'body else." She set the tray on the ground and sat down at his feet.

"How old are you?" Hilton asked her, curiously.

"Twenty-two," she told him.

"You look like a child."

It was two weeks later. With a restless fascination he could not understand, Hilton went every day to the little tea house on the hill. Always he sought out Okikusan, and would spend the entire day with her, totally oblivious to almost all else save the girl's beauty and charm.

And Hilton forgot his mission in Japan, forgot that Japanese women had always been merely the playthings of a moment; that he had tired of life—everything save the delightful, irresistible feelings that had awakened in him. What was it? Hilton was in love, and with a Japanese woman!

Years ago he had married one in Japanese fashion, and had left her. She had been a gentle, clinging little woman, with whom he had passed a dreamy, sleepy summer. What could he do with Kiku? She was unlike any Japanese woman he had ever known—unlike any woman he had met. She was the one woman in the world he had loved during all his long, checkered career—a life spent in idle pursuit of his own pleasures.

Hilton's friend, who had accompanied him on the voyage, was beginning to feel anxious about him, for, in spite of his admission of his own weakness for Japanese women, he was far more alive to and quick to scent real danger than Hilton, who followed his extravagant impulses only, while the cooler man kept a level head in the midst of his pleasures.

"My dear boy," he said to Hilton, "you've got the fever, I believe?"

Hilton laughed weakly.

"Nonsense!"

"You are in love with some Japan-

ese girl!" his friend continued. "You want to look out for them, you know."

Hilton rose to his feet and began pacing the room in long, irregular strides.

"Don't you suppose I am old enough to be proof against such things?"

"Well, I don't know, Hilton, to tell you the truth. You see, Japanese women are different. You're only human, after all. I'd advise you to marry her—for awhile, of course, as you did the other one."

"I have an idea," Hilton said, with some hesitancy, "that I am too old for another affair of that kind. I thought of settling down—that is, I intended returning to America, and—marrying."

"What are you waiting for, then?"

He flung himself restlessly across a couch, staring moodily at the futsumi. "What do you say to our leaving next week?"

"Good."

"Better keep away from the tea house in the meanwhile," his friend advised.

Hilton did not answer.

He found her in a field blazing with a vivid burning glory of natan and azalea-blossoms. She saw him coming toward her, and stooped down among the long grasses to hide from him. The man was intoxicated with his hunger for her, and caught her in his arms with all his pent-up love and passion.

"Kiku," he whispered, "I tried to stay away. I could not. Don't you understand?" He was holding her close to him now, and covering her face with a passion of kisses. "I love you! I love you! I love you!" he began, murmuring in her ear.

The girl's eyes were fixed full on his face. He caught the elish, searching full gaze, and for a moment released her. She stooped to pick up the scattered blossoms that had fallen. The girl shivered, and her face grew suddenly white.

"Go way!" she cried, with almost an imploring note in her voice. "I don't wanter tell you. I thing it bes' nod. No, I nod 'all you—vaery much. Besides, I nod lig you vaery much. Jus' idle bit now. At first I hate-hate with all my heart! Now I ver sawry—ver sawry that, that I bin unkin'. That's account you unkin' too."

"I unkink!" he repeated, stupidly. "I don't understand, Kiku-san?"

"No, you nod understand," she said, in despair. "What kin' I do? Oh, pitiful Kwannon! help me! I thing I tell you. I bin mos' vaery unhappy long time now, because aev'body hate me. Account I loog lig American. You nod understand? No? My fadder"—she paused a moment—"he leave my mudder. We vaery unhappy so that she goin' to die. Then wea die I worg, worg hard at the factory, an' here. Nobody lig me account my fadder American, an' I thing account that I goin' hate all Americans forever, because my fadder vaery wiggid, because he mek my mudder suffer! And me? I suffer, too."

A grayness had crept over Hilton's face. He felt suddenly weak and old.

"You still nod understand?" she asked. Her hands had fallen from his now, and he had staggered back a few paces.

"Not yet!" he said, faintly.

"Then I tell you," she said, firmly. "I nod lig you because w'en you come here someone thad know my mudder: w'en she aev' point at you and say: 'Thad you fadder!'"

The silence that was between them now was horrible. It suddenly assumed a savage mockery by the wild singing of a nightingale which flew over their heads and trilled aloud its song of gladness.

The man could not speak. He stood looking out in front of him with a pitiful look of horror, and only half comprehension on his face.

After awhile the girl continued:

"First I thing I will tell you. Then I remember my mudder and how on-happy she be, and how hard I worg all those years w'e you have so much rich, an' then I hate you foraver and bury all sawry for you in my heart, an' I hate all men from the west, for-never so rool of conceit. Tha's a liar that I say I twenty-two years old. I now think that my time come to fool I thing I revenge my mudder. I think I mek you suffer lig her. You nod understand? Always she have pain here!" She clasped her hand over her heart, and then continued, weakly: "Tha's account you tich L... to luf you. I nod understand that idle word vaery much. Aev'body say I nod have aevy heart. All hard-dad. Tha's account I luf only my mudder, an' she die. An' I also hate you that you kill that mudder!"

Through the mists of pain and horror that had overcome him the memory of dead days were coming back to Hilton. He could not think of Kiku—now as his own child—his very own blood—he would not!

"You must be mistaken!" His voice sounded strange, even to his own ears. "My child died—they told me so."

The girl laughed bitterly.

"Tha's bedder I daed. I going away. Aev'body thinkng I daed 'cept me. I know always. You thing I loog lig Japanese girl?"

She suddenly loosened her hair, and it fell down around her in thick, shining brown curls.

"Thad lig Japanese girl—thad?—thad?—thad? Thad?"

She pushed back her sleeves and showed him the white purity of her arms.

Then she turned and left him, with the same still look of despair on his face and the pitiless sun beating on the golden fields.

"My dear boy," he said to Hilton, "you've got the fever, I believe?"

Hilton laughed weakly.

"Nonsense!"

"You are in love with some Japan-

## The Son of a Warrior

By PHILIP VERRILL MIGHELS

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"Yes, I can. That is just the thing." She slipped the outside garment in a jiffy, and the baby sat down on the floor in the midst of the pile.

The two women now stood away at a distance of safety, discussing the awful situation. If the Indian hordes should come and discover the possible heir to the chieftainship in the house—even of a highly respectable splitter—what would be the horrible result?

The "warrior" all the while sat perfectly still, his big brown eyes and his wee red mouth wide open, and his chubby hands still playing at random with the skirt. He was utterly bewildered—and so were the women.

Barricades were placed on the doors and the women brought their chairs, to sit and watch their most unwelcome prisoner. As the hours wore by it occurred to the lady that perhaps the child might be hungry. She prepared a piece of bread and molasses, and handed it over with the tongs.

With this the child emulated his parents at once, for he painted his face from chin to eyes. During the spell of ecstasy apparent on his countenance, the girl attempted to secure the skirt, but without avail. A sticky little claw came down and clung with a grip that was not to be easily shaken. Also he threatened to cry, for the first time.

"Never mind it—never mind it." Miss Hobart hastened to say. "Anything is cheap that will keep him from screaming." The dress was therefore abandoned to the fate of a captive in the hands of the red man. At length the baby got a piece of feather in his fingers, and it stuck alternately on either hand, from which he proceeded to pick it with the other.

This continued till the curtain lashes of the bright brown eyes came drooping down and his chubby little face, with molasses adornment, came slowly to rest on the skirt. But never for a moment did either of the women depart from the post of watching.

Slowly wore away the afternoon; the light of the day burned dim at last, and the lamps of the town were lighted. Miss Hobart then commenced to pace the room impatiently.

"Charles—Charles, my brother!" she would say, "why don't you come? You ought to know what a terrible, terrible trial it is."

But the sound of his knock at the door, when he came at his usual hour, nearly made the women faint.

A thin little man was Mr. Hobart, but sensible and not to be alarmed. He declared that in the morning would be "time enough" to clear the two-year estrangement.

His sister sat in a chair all night dressed, and waked a hundred times from dreams of hideous Indian depredations. She was wearily dozing when her brother ate his breakfast and departed.

An hour later, while her back was turned, the head of an old and silently whistling Indian appeared at the open window.

"Ketchum papoose," said this awful redskin, and his voice was hardly audible.

She whirled about, saw the face, tried to scream and failed.

"Injun h-e-a-p sick," drawled the chieftain, who had satisfied himself that his son and heir was present—the youngster being seated on the floor, engaged again in the intricacies of bread and molasses. "H-e-a-p sick, heap likum biscuit-lah-poo."

Miss Hobart rallied.

"Perhaps," she thought, "Charles has pacified the tribe."

"Oh! Mr. Indian Jim," said she in a tremulous voice, "is this your son—your little boy?"

"Yeh! yeh, him for ill bit chilly."

"What you have got this morning?" she inquired.

"Are you sick, poor man? You shall have all the biscuit you want."

She felt so relieved to find this absence of hostility and of a desire to kill that she had made the proper request.

"As it was, she witnessed, with awe, the storing away of a very large package of food in the pockets of the Washoe.

"Jere," she said, in a timid, tentative voice, "is your son—your nice little boy—very nice little boy, and I'm very sorry."

"Yeah, h-e-a-p nice, all same Injun Jim. You like buy um? Two dollars half you buy um, h-e-a-p good."

"Mercy! Oh—oh!" she gasped. "He would sell it—sell his son! Two dollars and a half!" And after such a night! Oh—oh! no, Mr. Jim—James—take him back to his youngin' mother. Take it away, instantly!"

But the vendor of vegetables, thoroughly alarmed, had fled.

"Did ye call, Missus Hobart?" said a voice from the door.

"Oh! Maggie—oh! dear—oh, oh! What shall we do?" wailed the woman.

She was trying to shake her skirts of the brown little Washoe, but he merely clung the harder, and buried his face in his silent frisk.

"Ach, wurr—wurr!" said Maggie.

"Oh waddent a tot ut! There did ye git um?"

"I don't know—oh! I don't know. We've got to take him in, I suppose, and wait for Charles."

Accordingly she walked very gingerly in, while the very diminutive savage continued to cling to the dress and to hide his face.

"I don't see," she remarked, breathing easier when the door was closed, "how I'm going to get his hands off my skirt. Don't you think you could take him away, Maggie?"

"Ol waddent touch 'um for the dollars!" cried the girl.

"Well, what shall we do? He will never let me go."

"Yez could have 'um the skirt—take ut off an' put an' an' wan' yo' mind."

For Hitting Mule.

A Pennsylvania man has been fined \$10 for hitting his mule with an ax. Although the dispatches do not explain the matter, we take it for granted that he struck the mule first.

In the kitchen Banning learned

## In the Yaqui Country

By BAILEY MILLARD

(Author of "Down the River with the Beach Party," Etc.)

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Something—all the Yaqui muzos had left the house. There was no remaining servitor save an old woman and the guard who had stationed at the door. These were not of the revolting tribe, nor had they any sympathy with them.

He slipped around to the door and ran up the canon